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ALONE WITH CONSCIENCE.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the question and answer
Throughout an eternity.

The ghost of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with terrible might;
And the vision of my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And so I have learned a lesson,
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease,
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

IN AFTER YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF HER PROMISE;" "A GIRL'S MISTAKE;" "NOT FAIR FOR ME," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"MUST you really go, Jack? Can't you stay a day or two longer?"

"Quite impossible, Desmond. I must be back in Durban on the fifteenth of November."

"Well, I call it a confounded nuisance!"—and Desmond Selwyn pulled his moustache impatiently.

"After coming some hundreds of miles in a detestable jolting old wagon, without a soul to speak to but a couple of Kafirs, on purpose to look you up, it is too provoking to find I have had all my trouble and discomfort for nothing."

"Why didn't you ride?"

"Thought I'd like to try a spell of wagoh-traveling for a change.

"Come, Jack, change your plans—stay a week longer, and then we can go back together.

"I dare say I shall have had enough of it by then."

"I really cannot, Desmond! I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth, like you, old fellow; I have my living to earn, and, if I did not turn up on the appointed day, my place would be filled up pretty quickly.

"You must look me up in Durban as you return, or, better still, go back with me now."

"No; I'll stay and try my luck, as I am here," Desmond answered carelessly. "Have you been fortunate?"

"Pretty well on the whole. I have covered my expenses, at all events, which is more than many people can say, and have enjoyed the change immensely. I am sorry enough to go back to work again, I assure you."

"Chuck up your situation; you might make your fortune if you stayed here," Desmond suggested.

"I'm not such a fool! No; I have had my outing, and now I must settle down to work again.

"But if you do decide on remaining, Desmond, you had better take my claim. It isn't half worked out, and I'll make you a present of it if you like. You can take my tent and tools as well; I don't think you would appreciate the entertainment at the canteen."

"All right."

Desmond glanced curiously round the small bell-tent, the furniture of which consisted of a deal chair and table, a stretcher, with a mattress and blanket; there were a few pots, and plates, a gridiron, and a frying pan.

In one corner a heterogeneous collection of the tools used by diamond-diggers—pick and spade, a sieve and a crowbar—were piled, and a zinc bucket lay on the floor.

Desmond laughed and shrugged his shoulders as he looked.

"Your diggings are not very luxuriously furnished, old man. How in the world do you manage to get on? Do you do your own cooking?"

"No, Chaka—one of my Kafirs—manages my domestic affairs," Jack laughed. "I have two 'boys' employed to help me at the claim, and you had better retain them. You won't do better, for they are both 'green' Kafirs."

"'Green Kafirs'! What on earth do you mean?"

"A 'green Kafir,' my dear boy," Jack answered gravely, "is a Kafir who is as yet uncontaminated by the debasing influences of civilization.

"The Kafir, in his savage condition, is honest and sober, and makes a capital servant; but a civilized Kafir will lie, cheat, and commit any species of wickedness. You will find Chaka invaluable."

"All right; I'll take the lot. Pass a match, Jack."

Desmond stepped outside the tent and lighted his pipe.

He was a tall sunburnt young giant, with a closely-cropped fair head, long drooping moustache, and lazy blue eyes, which looked with undisguised interest on the busy scene before him.

It was late in the afternoon, and the gorgeous tints of a South African sunset flooded the sky; the river flowed like a stream of blood between its steep banks, and the tall willow trees gleamed golden in the quivering light.

The camp itself presented a most chaotic appearance, for a varied collection of dwellings—wooden huts, tents, and rude shanties made of branches of trees—covered every available space, and were intermingled with great mounds of earth and stones, like small fortifications, which had been thrown up by the diggers.

At the lower end of the street—if street it might be called—stood the canteen, round the door of which a group of diggers were lounging.

As the two friends stood watching the passers-by, a young girl, carrying a big basket in her hand approached.

She was shabbily dressed in a washed-out cotton frock, which barely reached her ankles, and a large hat was pulled over her face with a lamentable disregard of appearances.

She glanced carelessly at the new arrival as she passed the tent, then paused and looked up with a smile as Jack Thorold stepped forward and addressed her.

"How is your brother to-night, Patricia?" he asked, in a very gentle voice. "Better I hope?"

"Oh, much better!"—and the girl raised a pair of splendid dark eyes, and looked anxiously up into Jack's face. "The heat always tries him, you know. He was not at all well this morning. Are you really going to-morrow, Jack?"

"Really.

"I start at five."

"Oh, I am so sorry!"—and there was undisguised grief in the girl's voice. "Jesse will miss you dreadfully. I hoped he would have been quite well before he went instead of"——

She broke off suddenly and hesitated an instant, while an intense wistful look flashed into the dark eyes which rested on Jack's face.

"But he is better, you know, or much better than he was last week. You think so—don't you, Jack?"

Jack hesitated an instant before he spoke.

"Oh, yes; much better than last week!" he answered at last, with an odd compassion in his voice.

"Yes, I am sorry I am going, for I am afraid he will miss me, unless indeed"—and he turned eagerly to Desmond, who had been listening to the conversation with quiet interest—"you will let my friend Desmond Selwyn act as my substitute. Desmond old fellow, this young lady and her brother are great friends of mine. Let me introduce you to her, Miss Patricia Raynor."

Desmond took off his cap and bowed courteously.

He was naturally a kind-hearted fellow, and something in the child's—for she was scarcely more than a child—face touched his heart keenly.

"Yes; let me be Jack's substitute," he said pleasantly.

"I have succeeded—or rather am going to succeed to his tent and tools and claim, and the rest of his belongings, so we may as well throw the friends into the bargain! And I am not half a bad fellow, am I, Jack?" he went on with a low laugh.

Patricia colored and smiled as she glanced shyly into the young man's pleasant face.

He looked very handsome and distinguished, the child thought, in his perfectly-fitting suit of cool gray tweed; an odd contrast to Jack Thorold in his moleskin trousers dyed red with the clay, his dirty flannel shirt, and battered hat.

She felt unusually embarrassed and constrained.

The color flushed brightly into her pale face, and she stammered out a few disjointed words, then passed on with a little awkward bow of farewell.

Desmond looked after her with an amused smile.

"What a queer little figure! Is she child or woman, Jack?" he asked carelessly.

"Oh, only a child not more than fourteen or fifteen, I believe!

"Poor little thing, I am very sorry for her!"

"What is she doing here?"

"She came with her brother—a lad of nineteen—two months ago, and now the boy is dying fast of consumption, and she will be left quite alone in this God-forsaken place!

"I have tried my best to induce them to return home with me, but they are both determined to remain.

"They have had no luck so far—I don't think they have found a single stone; but they have the true gambler's spirit, and are certain of success coming sooner or later. Poor lad, if it does come it will be of little avail to him, at all events!"

"And you want me to look after them a bit! All right," answered Desmond cheerfully.

"If you will. I dare scarcely think of what is before that poor girl," Jack said sadly.

"She is devoted to her brother, and she will not see what every one can see—that he is dying?"

"Do you say they are quite alone? Is there no one to look after them?"

"No one. They are orphans, and I fancy have risked their little all in coming here. It is hard lines for them."

"I'll look after them, never fear," Desmond repeated.

Jack looked relieved and grateful.

"Thanks, old man. And now tell me more about yourself. What sent you here? I am sure you have been wandering about the world long enough already. Why don't you marry and settle down?"

"Marry!"—and Desmond twirled his moustache and looked melodramatically savage and despairing.

"Not I!

"Women are all alike, utterly heartless and deceitful!

"I have had enough of that sort of thing, Jack; a burnt child dreads the fire, you know."

"What! Haven't you got over that old affair yet?"

Jack spoke in a studiously grave voice, but his brown eyes twinkled, and he passed his hand across his moustache to hide a smile.

Desmond gave a short laugh.

"Rather!

"But it has taught me a lesson, all the same!

"No, sir, I shall never marry. She was the only woman I ever loved, and, though she jilted me, I can never forget her or love again."

"Really!

"Now, do you know, I had an impression that you had quite forgotten," said Jack, with a half-concealed grin of intense amusement.

"Others have thought so too;" and Desmond twirled his moustache again and looked more melancholy and Byronic than ever.

"In the words of the poet——

"'From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret:
And when they win a smile from me
They think that I forget!'"

But I don't.

"She was the only woman—but, there, we will disturb the subject! Let us have a good look at your claim, Jack, before sundown."

* * * * * *

Early the next morning, after saying farewell to his friend and watching the wagon jolt up the steep bank under which the town of Pniel lay, Desmond strode down to the claim which Jack Thorold had formally resigned to him the night before. It was near the river, close by a large willow-tree whose thick foliage provided a pleasant shelter from the sun's burning rays.

The two Kafirs were already on the spot, busily breaking up with their picks the lime-cemented mass of pebbles, and heaping them ready for washing.

The "cradle," an ingenious machine containing three floors of zinc perforated in holes of decreasing size, stood close by; and one of the Kafirs instructed Desmond in the art of washing "the stuff," as the conglomerated mass of pebbles is called by diggers.

Desmond looked on with keen interest, and, by-and-by, eager to begin work, took a pick and struck a few strokes.

But it was harder work than he had expected, and, after an hour or two, he was glad to lay the tool aside and rest his aching arms.

He lighted his pipe and sauntered along the bank towards the Raynors' claim, which Jack had pointed out to him the night before.

Patricia was bending over the table sorting the sand and tiny pebbles, close by on the bank.

Stretched on a rug, with his head resting on a pillow, a boy, evidently in the last stage of consumption, lay.

There was a passionate anxiety in the lad's dark eyes, as they followed every movement of the girl's brown fingers, an intent look on the flushed wasted face which startled and touched Desmond with an intense pity and sympathy.

Both brother and sister were too intent on their several employments to notice Desmond's approach.

He stood at a little distance, and watched as, carefully and methodically, the girl went on with her work, till, with a faint sigh of disappointment, she took up the tray

and emptied the glistening sand pebbles on the bank.

"No luck again, Jess! Will it ever come, I wonder?" Desmond heard her say, in a half-impatient, half-laughing voice, which struggled hard to conceal the speaker's real disappointment.

"It will come some day"—there was a perfect confidence in the boy's faint voice, and his eyes grew bright and earnest, as he raised himself from his rugs, and smiled reassuringly into his sister's face. "Don't despair old woman."

"I don't; only——"

Patricia turned away from the table, and in so doing for the first time noticed the newcomer's presence. She smiled frankly as Desmond took off his hat and advanced to the table.

"Jesse, this is Mr. Selwyn—Jack's friend you know," she explained.

Jesse smiled, and with an effort, raised himself into a sitting position and held out his hand.

Desmond sat down on the grass by his side, and took the wasted fingers in his own.

"Jack's friends are always mine," he said gently—"always have been since we were [illegible] at Eton long ago. Well, Miss Patricia, what luck? Made your fortune this morning?"

Patricia laughed; but the laugh changed into a sigh as she glanced down at the empty tray.

"Nay, we are awfully unlucky," she said; and then she turned abruptly aside, and Desmond fancied he saw a tear flash into each dark eye.

Jesse laughed.

"Oh luck will change, never fear, Pat! Here is Vosanie coming with a fresh supply of 'stuff.'"

The Kafir approached as Jesse spoke, and poured a lot of sand and pebbles on the table; and Patricia, with a gleam of renewed hope brightening her face, took up her sorter and commenced her work afresh. Desmond rose and stood by her side.

"Please may I have a lesson? I am quite new to the trade, you know," he said gaily.

"Is this the final process?"

"This is the forlorn hope," returned Patricia, with a bright smile. "If we find nothing here, we resign ourselves to our fate, and try a fresh lot. See, that is the first process."

She pointed to the cradle, on the topmost floor of which lay a glistening heap of pebbles over which the Kafir was pouring water.

Patricia, followed by Desmond, walked to the cradle and stood, her fingers playing with the bright stones—carnelians, agates, garnets and corundums of crystal—themselves almost as beautiful, if not as valuable, as the diamonds for which she looked in vain.

The girl glanced into Desmonds face with a smile.

"Are they not pretty?

"It seems a shame to throw them away," she said shyly.

"Very pretty.

"Not valuable, though, I suppose?" Desmond asked.

"Oh, no!

"See this is the first process; what we call the 'washing,'" Patricia went on; "the earth and small stones filter through the holes, and the larger refuse remains. This we sort carefully, in the hope of finding a large diamond."

"A hope not often fulfilled, I am afraid," said Desmond, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Oh, sometimes!

"Jack Thorold found a large diamond—nine carats, I think, last week," Patricia answered quickly.

"These pebbles are quite worthless, unfortunately."

Desmond looked on with surprised eyes as the girl carefully and quickly sorted the pebbles.

"Why, you are quite an experienced hand!" he said admiringly.

"But you must not do that."

He started forward as Patricia raised the heavy tray from the cradle and took it from her hands.

"Why, you poor little thing, that is much too heavy for your little hands!" Desmond said gently.

The slight figure bending over the cradle, the little hands trembling under their heavy load, the contrast between this girl's hard life and the happy careless life of his own little sisters at home, roused all the chivalry in the young man's nature.

The blue eyes which looked down into Patricia's face were so pitiful and tender, and so full of strange compassion, that the girl started and looked back with sudden half alarmed question in her own dark orbs.

Why did he look at her so pitifully?—she wondered.

Was he sorry for her?

Sorry!

Why should he be sorry?

Jesse was better, almost well to-day indeed.

There was nothing to be sorry about, Patricia thought impatiently.

She was half glad, half sorry when he bade them good day, and went off to his claim.

She paused in her work, and looked after his tall figure as he strode along the bank, with childish admiration in her dark eyes. He was different, Patricia dimly felt from the rest of the men in the camp, different even from Jack Thorold, who had always seemed a superior being to the little colonial girl.

"I like him; don't you, Patricia?" Jesse said languidly. "I hope he will often come up."

Patricia started at the words.

"Yes, I like him too," she answered dreamily.

"Only——"

"Only what?"

"Oh, nothing!"—and Patricia laughed and colored as she took up her sorter and went on diligently with her work.

CHAPTER II.

THE intimacy between the three young people progressed very rapidly during the next few days.

Desmond only worked in a desultory fashion, by fits and starts, and, having consequently plenty of time spent most of it with his new friends.

He soon became a great favorite with both brother and sister and the morning which passed without his usual visit seemed very long to both.

Many a lazy pleasant hour Desmond spent, lying on the grass smoking and chatting to Jesse, or, in his more industrious moods helping Patricia in her work.

He soon grew very much interested in the boy and girl, who were so young and friendless, and so utterly dependent on each other; and his heart ached often enough to see the tired hopeless look which would cloud Patricia's face as day after day passed and still no success rewarded her incessant labor.

Jesse was always hopeful and always confident.

Patricia might despond and look anxious and worried; but the boy's faith in their ultimate success never wavered.

"We will make our fortunes, some day, Pat, never fear!" he would say cheerfully. "As soon as I am better, and able to work again thing will look brighter.

"And when we are rich—as I feel sure we shall be some day—we will enjoy ourselves.

"You shall have pretty dresses and ornaments, a horse to ride, and a carriage and pair of ponies.

"We will go to Europe and see Paris and London.

"What!

"You don't believe me?"—for Patricia would sometimes smile and sigh, and shake her head over these dazzling visions.

"Well, wait a bit—we shall see!"

"You will have to make haste and get stronger, Jess, before we take these long journeys," Patricia said one day sadly.

"Stronger!

"Oh, the voyage will do me a world of good.

"In fact, it will quite set me up again," the boy answered hopefully; and Patricia listened and smiled and tried to feel hopeful too.

Desmond often felt a suspicious dimness rise before his eyes as he listened to the lad's gay chatter, and thought how soon the voyage of life would be over, the journey ended for him.

It was not long before he learned the history of the brother and sister.

They were orphans; their father had been a sugar-planter on the coast near Durban; but times had been bad, the crops had failed, and at his death very little remained for his children.

An uncle, a merchant in Durban, had offered Jesse a situation in his office: but the boy, who was in delicate health, and had always been accustomed to a free outdoor life, loathed the idea of office-work, and fired by the glowing accounts which reached him of the fortunes made at the diamond-fields, determined to seek his own there.

Patricia, much against her aunt's wishes, decided on accompanying her brother to the fields.

And it was fortunate that she had so decided, for the rough tedious journey was more than Jesse in his delicate state could endure, and he had been ill ever since they reached their destination. It was very touching to see how the boy seemed to cling to and depend on his young sister, with what motherly care and tenderness she watched over him.

Patricia found her work considerably lightened after Desmond's arrival.

Jesse, who rarely liked fresh acquaintances, had taken a sudden violent fancy to Desmond, and was always perfectly happy when with his new friend.

And Desmond, who was good-natured and kind-hearted enough, was always ready to while away the long hours by his pleasant talk and racy description of English life and the many amusing adventures he had met with on his travels; and Patricia would pause in her work and listen silently, with her big eyes growing bright and excited.

He seemed to have been everywhere—to have seen everything, the girl thought; and he was so handsome and kind, he had such a pleasant low voice, such a genial laugh, it was no wonder that Patricia, surrounded by the coarse rough diggers, exalted him into a hero or demi-god.

She was very young and childish in many ways; she had read very few novels; as yet no thought of love or lovers had entered her mind; and her love for Desmond was simply the passionate adoring love of a child.

Desmond used to feel half flattered, half amused by this innocent unconcealed adoration.

He was very fond of Patricia—little Pat, as he was soon allowed to call her—a privilege never before accorded to any one but Jesse; and Patricia, who had always disliked her pet name and was wont to insist on the dignified "Patricia," grew almost to love it when spoke in Desmond's lazy pleasant voice.

"What a capital housekeeper you are!" Desmond said to her one morning, when he had been invited to share their dinner, a savory stew of beef and vegetables, which Patricia had brought down from the wagon in the early morning, and had warmed in the camp-kettle over a wood fire.

"What a jolly little wife you will make some day!

"What do you say, Pat? Will you promise to marry me if I wait half a dozen years or so for you?"

Patricia looked up gravely, but shook her head.

"I should like it extremely," she said in her old-fashioned way; "but I don't think it would do."

"Why not?"

Patricia hung her head, colored, and sighed.

"Oh, your wife would have to know such heaps of things, wouldn't she," she said sadly—"music and painting and French, and all kinds of accomplishments! And I know—just nothing at all!"

"You could learn, you know," Desmond suggested gravely.

"You have plenty of time before you. And you need not trouble yourself about the musical part of your education. I have the misfortune to have an unusually correct ear, and I have suffered so much in my time from amateur musicians, that I think I should almost prefer my wife to be totally ignorant of the science.

"And, as long as you know enough to play the accompaniments to my songs, I shall be quite satisfied."

"I think I could manage that by-and-by;" and Patricia looked more hopeful.

"Oh, yes—no doubt of it. I don't object to your going in for painting," Desmond went on in his lazy voice; "it is harmless amusement enough, and not so obnoxious to the student's friends as music. Only it must be water-colors, mind—not oil—take care of that; I could not stand your garments being impregnated with the smell of turpentine and linseed-oil."

"Anything else!"—Patricia's eyes were dancing with amusement.

"Yes, one very important item," Desmond continued gravely.

"You must learn to cook! It is an accomplishment in which, alas, very, very few women are proficient, and yet it is the one of all others which is most conducive to domestic happiness."

"Cook?

"Why, that is easy enough!

"I can cook splendidly now," Patricia cried contemptuously.

Desmond looked at her with an infinite compassion in his face.

"My dear child, you have not learned the A B C of cookery yet!" he said, with an exaggerated solemnity in his face and voice that astonished the girl.

"I was wrong to call it an accomplishment; it is far beyond that.

"It is a science—a science which the labors of a lifetime scarcely suffice to understand."

"Oh, dear me!"—and poor Patricia blushed at her own ignorance.

"I had no idea it was so difficult. Do you think, Mr. Selwyn, that I could ever be clever enough to understand it? I don't mean now of course; but if I tried very hard—for four or five years, you know?"

"I shall always be pleased to give you a few hints," Desmond answered deliberately.

"Suppose you invite me up to your wagon this evening, and I'll teach you how to make coffee properly."

Much to his surprise, Patricia hesitated, and the crimson color rushed in a burning flood over her face and neck.

"Not—not to-night," she stammered hastily.

"I am going to be—busy; another night, please."

"Why don't you tell him the truth, Pat?" Jesse put in in his weak voice.

He was looking unusually ill that morning, Desmond thought, as he lay back on his rug with closed eyes listening with a languid smile to the others' talk.

"Patricia goes down to the Fernleys' wagon three nights a week, Desmond, to teach the brats to read and spell, and this is one of her busy nights.

"You come up and see me old fellow. I shall be only too glad."

"All right," Desmond replied.

He looked curiously at Patricia as he spoke.

The girl had risen from the bank, and was bending over her table with her fingers playing nervously with the pebbles and sand.

The crimson flush had died out of her face, leaving it strangely pale and haggard, and her lips were quivering nervously.

There was an odd defiant expression in her great dark eyes which puzzled Desmond not a little. He looked at her with a pitying smile.

"Poor little girl!

"Don't you work hard enough during the day?" he said kindly.

"This is—very easy work."

Patricia smiled bravely, but still with that defiant look in her eyes.

"And well paid, I trust?"

"Very well paid!

"Perhaps you did not think I was clever enough to take pupils, Mr. Selwyn? You look so surprised!

"I am—cleverer than you think perhaps."

Desmond smiled.

"I am sure you are. What a clever little wife I shall have.

"Come, Pat, is it a bargain?"—he put his hand caressingly on the girl's arm and looked up, with a half-jesting, half-earnest smile.

"Let me see; how old are you?"

"Fifteen next birthday."

"Fifteen.

"Then in five or six years' time, when you have mastered all the necessary accomplishments—cooking in particular—you will be my little wife."

"If you will wait for me."

Desmond's speech had had the effect he desired; the color had come back to Patricia's face, and her dark eyes were shining softly as she looked up into the young man's kind face.

"Oh, I'll wait, honor bright; I promise faithfully!" Desmond answered; and then with a gay laugh, he bent his head and kissed the child's sweet serious lips.

CHAPTER III.

ISN'T it very late for your sister to be out alone?" Desmond said to Jesse the same evening, as they sat together in the wagon.

Desmond had looked at his watch several times already, and wondered that Patricia's duties should detain her so long. "They are a rough lot in the camp, remember. Is she always as late as this?"

"Generally.

"Oh, she can take care of herself!" Jesse returned placidly.

"Shall I walk down and bring her home?"

"If you like; but really there is no need. She is used to going about alone."

"All the same, I'll go."

Jesse looked a little surprised as Desmond rose from his seat and jumped down from the wagon.

He was so accustomed to depend upon his sister that the idea of Patricia's needing help and protection struck him as being odd and rather absurd.

"Look into the store as you pass, Desmond. She had to call there, I know," he said carelessly.

Desmond walked down the street towards the Fernleys' wagon.

They had outspanned on the opposite side of the camp, near the steep bank under which the town lay.

It was a bright moonlight night, and Desmond thought what a picturesque scene the camp presented with the soft light pouring on the odd-looking shanties and tents.

He sauntered slowly down the street, with his pipe in his mouth, and paused for an instant at the store where Patricia was wont to buy her scanty supply of groceries. The proprietor was driving a roaring trade, for the store was full of women with baskets and babies on their arms, marketing; but Desmond looked in vain for Patricia.

He went on past the canteen, whence the sound of loud voices and laughter and the tinkle of a piano issued, till he reached the Fernleys' wagon.

The door stood open for the night was sultry.

Mrs Fernley, a rather coarse vulgar-looking woman, was sitting just within hushing a sickly baby to sleep in her arms. She glanced up in some surprise as Desmond approached.

"Good evening, Mrs. Fernley," he said, taking off his hat courteously. "Is Miss Raynor here? I have come to take her home."

Mrs. Fernley's lips tightened into a thin line.

"Miss Raynor here!

"No, indeed!

"Not very likely, I reckon!" she said shortly.

"Why not?"

Desmond spoke rather haughtily, for something almost approaching to insolence in the woman's voice irritated him inexpressibly. "She has been here to-night, I suppose?"

"No, she hasn't!

"Do you think I would have such a disreputable young baggage in my wagon—among these innocent children?" Mrs. Fernley answered, in a tone of ineffable contempt.

"Please be careful what you say. You are speaking of my friend, remember," Desmond said haughtily. "Miss Raynor is not here, I suppose?"

"No, she isn't.

"If you want Patricia Raynor, Mr. Selwyn you must look somewhere else—not here, certainly."

"But where shall I look? She told me she was coming here, that she taught your children," Desmond said.

He tried to speak to curb the anger and irritation which the woman's manner aroused in his mind; but his heart beat painfully as he asked the question.

"Where? Why in the canteen, of course!" Mrs. Fernley answered, with a short laugh.

"In the canteen!"—and Desmond looked hopelessly bewildered.

"Yes, in the canteen, where she sings and plays the piano to all the idle drunkards and gamblers in the camp. Do you think I would have a girl like that to teach my children?

"No; she did teach them for a short time, it is true; but my lady found singing at the canteen much more profitable and suited to her taste; so she went and good riddance, I say!"

"It must be a mistake," Desmond said, looking very white and haughty.

He took off his hat, and walked away from the wagon with Mrs. Fernley's scornful laugh following him through the silence.

"Go and see, if you don't believe me," the woman cried.

"Yes, I will go."

Desmond bit his moustache savagely, and determined to follow her advice, and see for himself if this thing—so utterly monstrous and horrible in his eyes—was really true.

Patricia—shy little Pat—who had seemed

to shrink from any intercourse with her rough neighbors in the camp, who was so modest and refined and gentle, singing in a disreputable canteen to a lot of drunken diggers!

"Oh, it is impossible!" Desmond thought.

He had often been in the canteen before, but never during the evening; for the company usually gathered there and the style of entertainment were very far opposed to his tastes; and now, as he pushed open the door and stood on the threshold, the sickening smell of spirits, the clouds of tobacco smoke, and the loud coarse voices and laughter disgusted and repelled him.

Close by the table four or five men, all of whom were known to him, were seated round a table playing "Napoleon"; and, from the piles of gold on the table and the absorbed faces of the men, Desmond judged the stakes to be pretty high.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Hespy Chester's Dream.

BY OLIVE BELL.

O LORD, if it were only true!" Aunt Hespy Chester groaned, as she sat bolt upright in bed, staring at the odd shadows the dim lamplight cast on the wainscotted wall.

The fire had died out in the huge fireplace, and Aunt Hespy's bed chamber, was half light, half shadow, for the ivory-white rays of the full moon stole in through the large windows, draped with thin lace curtains, and mingled with the lamp-light. It flickered over the wrinkled old face, whiter now than the snowy coverlet, for a strange terror had seized her, and for the first time in her life, Aunt Hespy quaked with abject fear.

She laid back on her pillow, with a smothered storm of sobs.

"O Lord!" she repeated, "I can't get over it!

"It was all so real.

"I always knew she was a snake—but Lord, it was only a dream."

It was only a dream, but Aunt Hespy could not get it out of her head.

She heard the great clock in the hall strike twelve—slowly, solemnly, as she remembered to have heard it strike the night her good old master died, and the tears trickled down her wrinkled cheeks, as her thoughts went back over the happy years spent in his service.

He had been a kind master, and a thoughtful employer, as many a man and woman in Ridgeway could testify, for he had hundreds of mill hands under him, for William Abercrombie was one of the largest cotton manufacturers in the New England states. He had died unmarried, and Hespy, who had been his housekeeper and confidential friend for over thirty years, knew many of his secrets.

All his property, real and personal, except a large annuity to the orphan daughter of a cousin in the South, and handsome bequests to herself and other servants, had been willed—so he told Hespy—to his adopted son, Godfrey Moore.

Godfrey was a fine, frank, young man of twenty-five, the idol of old Hespy's heart, and great was her astonishment, when at her master's death, no will was to be found, and Godfrey was left utterly unprovided for. In her perplexity and despair, Hespy had appealed to Gertrude Wilcox, who had been in the North on a visit, and had spent several month's at the old mansion.

"Miss Wilcox,"—Hespy would never forget the pale haughty face the girl turned towards her, as she put the question, "What has become of Mr. Abercrombe's will?"

"How do I know?" tartly responded Miss Wilcox, as she turned to the window, as if to avoid Hespy's keen, sad eyes. "Did he make one?"

"I am sure he did, he told me so himself, and he never told a lie."

"Who was the property left to?"

Miss Wilcox, was beating an impatient tattoo on the window sill, as if tired of the interview.

"To Godfrey, with a large sum to be paid yearly to yourself, and legacies to the servants," Hespy said, sadly, for her heart was very sore for Godfrey.

"But the will cannot be found, and the whole estate goes to the next of kin."

"Which is myself," said Miss Wilcox, with a light cruel laugh, that rang in Aunt Hespy's ears for many days after.

"Well, I will try and make the most of my good luck.

"I will be a kind mistress to you all, and look up some good position for Mr. Moore."

How coolly she took it!

Just as if she had planned it all beforehand, thought Aunt Hespy.

She looked at the tall slim figure of the girl, at the pale face, with eyes as black as sloes, shining from under straight black brows, and smooth masses of black hair, brushed away from the low forehead.

It was not a homely face, yet there was no beauty in it, for it was the face of a woman, without a woman's tenderness in it—a hard, cruel, scheming face, and from that hour, Hespy never called her anything but the "snake."

After that, affairs at the Abercrombie mansion went on, in the old groove, except that the old master's kindly face, was seen no more at the head of the table, or the blithe young face of Godfrey Moore at its foot.

It had been Hespy's heart's delight to pour their coffee, and her laugh had often mingled with theirs, for they had been a very happy trio.

But Godfrey was gone now—filling a responsible position in one of the mills he was to have been owner of, and Miss Wilcox—stately, calm, and reticent, was mistress of Abercrombie Hall.

And Hespy, although not satisfied, had grown reconciled to the state of affairs.

But the dream that startled her into the ejaculation, with which we begin this story had awakened a new hope in her heart.

She tossed on her pillow, watching the white moonlight growing whiter, as it sifted through the lace curtains, the shadows on the walls taking a thousand different shapes, as they danced before her eyes.

"I can't get over it," she sighed.

"I can't rest, for the sight of her will never leave my eyes—the she villian, that she is!

"I'll get out of my bed, and go and tell Godfrey."

To think was to act, with Hespy Chester. She always had a resolute will, although the tenderest of women in disposition.

She was an old maid—an old woman past sixty, grown meek and patient under the lash of heavy trials, and heavier burdens, and but a shadow of the comely young girl who had entered womanhood with such bright hopes of the future—hopes, that alas! had drifted away from her, like rudderless ships, that drift out to sea, to return never more.

But Hespy thought of none of these things, as she robed herself warmly for her walk through the crisp November dawn, to Godfrey's lodgings, less than a mile away.

Her mind was full of one object—her dream, and she could not rest until she had confided it to Godfrey.

Wrapping herself in a dark cloak, she drew the hood over her frilled cap, and stole down into the great hall, where a small lamp was burning.

She looked up at the gilded face of the old clock, that ticked away so diligently in the corner, and saw it was four o'clock.

"I can be back before the servants are astir; if I walk briskly," she muttered, and cautiously unlocking a side-door, that led into the shrubbery, Hespy went swiftly down the leaf-strewn path, and was soon on the high road that led to Ridgeway.

She walked on steadily, her dim eyes fixed on the lights that flashed from the windows of the mills in the village, her withered face growing rosy with exercise. On the outskirts of the village stood a neat cottage, surrounded by a small garden.

Hespy was lifting the latch of the gate, when the cottage door opened, and a tall young man in a heavy gray ulster, came quickly down the path.

"Aunt Hespy!" exclaimed Godfrey Moore—for it was he—as he caught a glimpse of the face under the hood, "what brought you out so early?"

"Don't laugh at me, when I tell you Godfrey," whispered the old woman a little hysterically, "but it was a dream."

"A what?"

There was a laugh in Godfrey's voice, and Hespy knew that if the light had been clearer, she would have seen the mischief in the speaker's blue eyes.

"A dream," she repeated testily, "you are not growing deaf Godfrey?"

"Come this way, and tell me all about it," he said kindly, as he drew Hespy into the shelter of a small arbor, "now speak low, Aunt Hespy."

"Well, Godfrey dear, I went to bed in a very bad humor last night.

"Miss Wilcox had been cross and snappish all day.

"She seems possessed of an evil spirit sometimes—perhaps her sins harass her—and she keeps us in hot water.

"I was very low spirited and angry when I laid my head on the pillow, and I dozed off to sleep, thinking of you and the old master.

"Ah! it's changed days with both of us, Godfrey.

"Well, I dream't I saw Miss Wilcox stealing out of master's room with her cat-like tread, with a small roll of parchment in her hand.

"She held it to her breast with one hand, and in the other she carried a small lamp. There was a look on her face, and a glitter in her eyes, that I can never forget. She glided along the hall, and when she reached the closet at the lower end—the one where Mr. Abercrombie kept all his old trumpery—she went in, and I crept silently to the door, and peered in.

"Where do you think she put the roll of parchment, Godfrey?

"In the old pewter tankard that belonged to the master's grandmother.

"She wrapped it up in a lot of old flannels, and threw it back into the corner. I woke up then, all in a quiver, between joy and fear.

"Oh, Godfrey, my boy, I know it was the lost will.

"She was prowling around the house for weeks before the master died, and Godfrey, she acted awful queer."

Godfrey Moore stood very still for a few moments.

It was only a dream—and he had no faith in dreams—but he remembered the strange haunted look in the girl's eyes when Mr. Abercrombie lay dead; and he fancied she always avoided him.

Could it be possible, that she had stolen the will?

Godfrey felt his face growing white, for he had been bitterly disappointed when he saw all this vast wealth swept from under his very grasp, not that he had any special craving for riches, but Mr. Abercrombie had loved him like a son, and reared him in the belief that he was to be his heir.

"Ah!"

"I am afraid there is no such good news Hespy," he said, "dreams rarely come true, except in fiction."

"But this one was so life-like, Godfrey," persisted Hespy, "I think I'll search the closet."

"Do as you please," smiled Godfrey, "but do it quietly; I would not like to base many hopes on a dream."

"If there was wrong in it, God will set it right; you will see that Godfrey. I cannot tell where the will went to, for lawyer Weir and the witnesses, all say it was made."

Hespy drew her hood closer about her face and hurried homeward, while Godfrey stood looking after her with a thoughtful face and a backward glance at his prosperous youth.

But he was a brave man and bore his disappointment without comment.

Hespy Chester reached home before her young mistress was stirring, and immediately commenced her search.

After great difficulty she found a key that fitted the lock.

When the door was opened she crept in through the dust and debris, carefully closing the door behind her, that no light might be seen.

After groping around for a few minutes, she came across a bundle of flannel, which to her delight she found enveloped the pewter tankard.

Imagine her joy and astonishment, when on raising the lid, she found the roll of parchment seen in her dream. Instinct told her it was the missing will.

"The Lord's name be praised!" murmured Hespy, falling on her knees, "what a thankful woman I am."

Before nightfall of the short November day, the roll of parchment was in lawyer Weir's hands.

And Miss Wilcox, ignorant of the cloud that was breaking over her path, went about her usual duties and pleasures in unsuspecting innocence.

She was not a happy woman, but she was a woman who loved wealth and social power; and after spending her orphaned life in comparative poverty, it is not to be wondered that she was so eager to grasp at the ease and luxury chance threw in her way.

A few days later, Miss Wilcox was summoned to meet Mr. Wier, in the library.

"Who is with him, Hespy?" she asked, her black eyes dilating with a spasm of fear.

"Godfrey Moore, and two other gentlemen," was Hespy's quiet reply, as she preceded Miss Wilcox down the long hall.

"What are they here for?" she asked, trembling.

"Time will tell," was the curt reply.

Miss Wilcox was no hardened sinner, and the white face that greeted the four gentlemen, bore the impress of great mental suffering.

"Miss Wilcox," began Mr. Weir, "I am here to inform you, that Mr. Abercrombie's will has been found."

"Found!" echoed Miss Wilcox, her white face growing whiter.

"Where?"

"In a pewter tankard belonging to Mr. Abercrombie's grandmother," said Mr. Weir, producing the tankard with a smile. "It was hid away in a corner of the hall closet."

"How—how—" gasped Miss Wilcox, grasping the back of a chair for support, "was this found out?"

"I dreamed I saw you hide it there," spoke up Hespy, "and I searched for it, and never knew a moment's rest, until I put it in lawyer's Wier's hands. You see I always thought you were too sleek."

There were white rings around Miss Gertrudes thin red lips, and her eyes fell under Godfrey Moore's glance of contempt. She never opened her lips in self-defense, for her own words had confirmed her guilt. She dropped into a chair, and listened to the reading of the will, with a calm impassive face.

When it was over, she arose and stood a moment before Godfrey Moore, with her thin hands clasped on her breast.

"Think as kindly of me as you can. I have never known a moment's rest, since my cousin's death; but I loved money—oh, how I loved it! It is all over now!"

She left the room without another word, and hastily packing up her belongings, left Abercrombie Hall forever.

Godfrey Moore—to the delight of old Hespy—came back to life, ease and luxury in the home of his youth.

He generously trebled the annuity left Miss Wilcox by his adopted father, and Hespy always filled an honored place in his home.

"I never took much account in dreams," Hespy is wont to say, "but Lord, how true that dream was! Only, I'd like to know, how she got hold of the will."

THE BURGLAR'S SECRET.—At a London west end establishment lately a burglar was caught red-handed in the strong room opening a safe containing a fortune, with a key as perfect as though it had been made originally for the lock. The man was convicted, and his prosecutors, out of curiosity, begged him to tell them how he got the key. "Nothing easier," he replied. "We knew who carried the key and what it was like; so me and my pals we gets into the same carriage with your manager when he's going home by rail. One of us had a bag which he can't open. Has any gentleman got a key? Your manager produces his bunch, and my pal, he has wax in his palm, and takes a likeness of the key of the safe while seeming to open his bag. There is the secret for you."

CHARCOAL.—Charcoal should be fed to hogs and poultry. Experiment has demonstrated that the same amount of feed will produce a far greater amount of flesh and fat when fed with charcoal.

Bric-a-Brac.

INSECTS.—The Stag-beetle has been called by Germans fire-worm, from an idea that it carries about fire in its jaws, and thus causes conflagrations. Amongst the same people, Fire-flies are known as 'little sprites' and the lower classes in Spain and Italy believed them to be 'perturbed and wandering spirits.'

NICE PAPER WEIGHT.—A Scotch paper relates the following story of a whimsical bequest: Some years ago an English gentleman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in £1 bank notes. A finer pair of paper weights has never yet been heard of, for the eldest daughter got £51,200 and the youngest £57,344.

CUTTING TIMBER.—Columella, Cato, Vitrivius and Pliny, and other old authors, all had their notions of the advantage of cutting timber at certain ages of the moon, and their superstition was long preserved in the royal ordinances of France to the conservators of the forests, who were directed to fell only "in the wane of the moon," and "when the wind was in the north."

AN ASTOUNDING APPETITE—Taylor, the water poet, gave an account of one Nicholas Wood, a Kentish man, who had a power of stowing away a marvelous quantity of food at a meal. He was credited with having on one occasion devoured a whole raw sheep; on another, three dozen pigeons; on a third several rabbits; on a fourth eighteen yards of black pudding, while on two other occasions the quantities set down were sixty pounds of cherries and three pecks of damsons.

IN THE HEART OF AN OAK.—A curiosity in vegetation has been shown in the possession of a Waterford, Conn., man. In splitting a log of black oak a picture appeared on the smooth grain in the heart of the tree. It is a landscape, or rather a clump of trees, with trunk and branches and twigs as clearly defined as though drawn with ink or photographed by the sun's rays. The trees form a picture about four inches square, showing like the open leaf of a book, and the same on the opposite page. He says it is a pretty good portraiture of the clump of trees which he felled, the picture appearing in the heart of the largest one. Perhaps it will be explained that this is a fungus growth, which, starting near the bark, pushed its way inward and upward in the form shown. If so, it was a persistant and ambitious bit of vegetation, bound to go ahead through very discouraging circumstances.

A SINGULAR BOOK.—Probably the most singular curiosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and it is now in France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of the leaf; and being interleaved with blue paper, it is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed in its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution, in every respect, is indeed admirable; and the volume is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rodolphus II. of Germany offered for it, in 1640, eleven thousand ducats, which was probably equal to sixty thousand at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms of England; but when it was in that country, and by whom owned has never been ascertained.

DO RATS REASON?—A few evenings since, as the rain was falling in torrents, deluging the little yard by the house, a large rat was observed to come hurriedly out of a hole by the side of the house, where the water was pouring in, and springing forward to an opposite building, for a moment disappeared. Back again came the rat and plunged into the hole, which was fast being filled with water, and in a moment re-appeared, bearing in her mouth a young rat, which she carried to the opposite building. Thus she continued to labor, until five of the young had been rescued from a watery grave, and deposited in a place of safety; but on coming again from the wall with one of her young in her mouth, she dropped it down upon the ground, and after looking a moment, again took it up, and trying to wake it, laid it down again. The little one was dead. It had been drowned. After repeated efforts to bring to life her offspring, she mournfully left the little one, and went to the new home she had prepared for her more fortunate family.

WISDOM AND WIDOWS.—Many wise men have married widows and have found them the best of wives. For instance Washington, Jefferson and Franklin each married a widow, the names being severally Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Skeleton and Mrs. Read. Dr. Johnson and the philanthropist Howard each married widows who were many years their seniors, but they lived very happy, and Johnson never ceased to mourn for his departed "Tetty." The first Napoleon married a widow, and as long as he continued faithful to her his progress was brilliant and successful. A very curious instance of this is found in the history of Sir William Herschel. He reached the age of fifty as a bachelor, but then married a widow (Mrs. Mary), with whom he lived in a happy condition for a third of a century. They had one son, Sir John Herschel, who became also an astronomer, and won high distinction. Mohammed is also on the same list, for at twenty-five he married the widow Kadijah, who was forty and whose wealth and influence were an assistance to a needy adventurer.

WAIT, AND HOPE.

BY C. J.

Dwell not long upon your sorrow,
Let my words a balm impart,
Joy may smile again to-morrow,
And once more make glad your heart.
Let not passing clouds distress you:
Bravely with the future cope;
Care will never more oppress you,
If you will but wait, and hope.

If, in joy, as in your sorrow,
You turn your thoughts to Him above,
Bright will ever seem to-morrow,
And you'll live a life of love.
If, in paths of virtue steering,
Heaven her gates to you will ope,
And these words your sorrow cheering,
"Pray—be patient—wait, and hope."

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

"NO," she confessed, shaking her head; "it is not so with me.

"I think—if one may judge of oneself—that I was fitted to be the light of some good man's home, and to nurse sweet children on my knees.

"But I will tell you my story, Agnes.

"You know it is against our rules to speak of ourselves or our past.

"Yet it may be wisdom in my place to do so.

"At least, I will run the risk; but there is no need to mention names.

"You ask me how I became a sister. It was because I loved an unworthy object, and my love was given in vain."

It was the old story of woman's trust, and man's perfidy, and base desertion for one who was better dowered than Sister Clare, and the effect was to mar her life and leave her almost heart-broken.

When she had finished, I looked up at the beautiful sad face.

"Did your one-time lover ever wish you dead?" I asked.

She looked startled.

"I should think not," she answered.

"I was never in his way.

"He married the rich and titled widow a few weeks afterwards, and in the garden at Brig Allan I sat and listened to his wedding-bells.

"No," she said, musingly, "I should not think he ever wished me dead."

"Then," I thought to myself, "your sorrow is not so great as mine."

"Whether he is happy or miserable, living or dead, I know not," continued Sister Clare.

"I could not endure my life. My parents took me abroad.

"They did everything that was possible for me; but I honestly believe I should have gone mad had I not come to Mother Etheldreda.

"At first my parents were very unwilling; but, after a time, seeing that my happiness was at stake, they finally gave their consent.

"And, Agnes," she concluded, after a pause, "the moral of my story is this—never place the love and happiness of your life in the hands of any man."

"I shall never leave St. Etheldreda's," I said.

She looked at me with wistful, yearning eyes.

"I am old in heart," I said.

"Oh, Sister Clare, what a sad story yours is!"

"The pain of it has become a part of my life," she said gently.

"Are you really happy?" I questioned.

"Would you leave here if you could?"

"I am happier here," she replied, "than I should be in any other place.

"You see my life is engrossed with the interests of others.

"Even the bitterness of my love-story has faded.

"I am ashamed to complain when I see what others suffer and endure.

"Oh, Agnes, what is that?"

It was the striking of the clock, followed by the ringing of the "Angelus."

We looked at each other in surprise and dismay.

We had talked until it was time to rise.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE bright June sun was shining, and Mother Etheldreda had sent me into the garden with Sister Rose to attend to the flowers.

Our convent was in the northern outskirts of the city, and the flowers that bloomed there were not such as grew in the heart of the country.

Nevertheless our roses were treasured by the sisters.

Mother Etheldreda did not like them to be gathered.

This morning she had told Sister Rose and myself to attend especially to the rose-trees.

We were to prop up those that were drooping, to remove the dead leaves, and to water them.

"You need not work in silence on this bright, beautiful morning," said Mother Etheldreda, as she left us.

"Agnes, you look as though you had plenty to say," she added, with a bright smile.

It was just one year since I had been entreated to conjugate the German verb singen, and my thoughts would wander to the song of the thrush.

How the scene came back to me—the bay window where I loved to stand, because there I could see over the beautiful garden of Petarn House!

How well I remembered the hour that good Miss Penturn granted me to idle away as I would!

One year!

Yet I had lived a lifetime in it.

I was nearly seventeen on the June morning when I listened to the thrush; I was nearly eighteen now.

Then I was a child; but now I was a woman.

In the past year I had learned life's great lesson of love.

Being out in the bright sunshine amongst the roses brought beautiful Yatton to my mind.

But I would endeavor not to think of its—I would not sadden my heart with its memories.

Yet now and then a picture of my young kinsman, with his beautiful bride, would come to me.

I often wondered if they were married yet.

I could never hear, for I should never again hear anything of the outer world.

Never should I see Lance's face again, but how well I could picture it in fancy—the broad, noble brow, the clustering hair, and the lips that once had kissed me!

Kissed me!

In that secluded garden, surrounded by cloisters, with Sister Rose's saintlike face so near, it seemed sacrilege to think of such a thing.

Yet who could take memory away from me?

And how sweet it was!

In the midst of the garden stood a weather-beaten cross—a picturesque object, for the sisters had trained passion flowers and ivy over it.

I half knelt, half crouched at the foot of the cross, looking at the buds of the passion flowers.

"Agnes, you are idle this morning," said Sister Rose.

"It is useless to deny it."

When Sister Rose spoke I began to work industriously.

I turned up the cuffs of my black dress, to work to better advantage with my wrists free.

How dazzling white and rounded my arms were!

Sister Rose caught my eyes fixed admiringly on them.

"Now, Agnes," she said, laughingly, "you are admiring your own beauty. It is all vanity, you know."

"But very pleasant, sister," I answered.

Then the thought came to me how all the beauty of face and figure with which I had been endowed, the "St. Asaph beauty," was wasted here.

And then I wondered whether I too should be a sister.

Should I be content to pass all my life as these good sisters did, to devote it to work for other people, never to entertain a wish or desire for myself?

"Sister Rose!" I cried suddenly, "please tell me what induced you to become a sister?"

"What induced me to become a sister?" she replied.

"The love of Heaven, I suppose, Agnes."

"I only wonder," the enthusiast continued, her face brightening, "that any one can care to remain in the gray old world when such happy places as these are open to them."

"Did you never care about anything else?" I asked.

"No, never, Agnes.

"When I was a little child I dreamed of such a life as this—of always being with the poor, sick and helpless.

"When I heard of Mother Etheldreda's house, I said, 'That is what I have longed for all my life.'

"And I came here with the happiest, lightest heart in the world."

"And you have no cloud, Sister Rose—no hours of weariness, when you felt that you had been mistaken—when you longed for a home of your own out in the busy world?"

She held up her hands in dismay.

"Oh, no, no, Agnes; such wishes never come to me."

"But, Sister Rose," I asked, doubtfully, "do you not think there is often more heroism in a life passed in the world than in a life spent in a convent?"

"Yes, perhaps so; but we all have our inclinations, and mine is for convent-life, Agnes."

"I wonder what you would have been out in the world, Sister Rose?"

"Oh, as restless and troublesome as it is possible to be!" said Sister Rose, with a bright laugh.

"Everything pleases and delights me here; nothing ever delighted me there."

How beautiful, tender, and pure she looked in her black robe, the blue sky above her head, her little hands clasping the weather-beaten cross!

And, thinking what my own experience of men had been, thinking of my father, and of the cousin who had wished me dead, I could not but confess that beautiful, innocent Sister Rose had chosen well.

For her there would never be such heartaches as I suffered.

* * * * * * *

Before the bright summer ended I had grown quite accustomed to St. Etheldreda's. I found myself forgetting the outer world, thinking less of it every day, becoming more and more engrossed in the work that went on within—yet with ever the same sense of repressed life, repressed longing. I could not say that I was happy; but I was content.

If I had known no other life, I might have been quite happy in this.

Of the world outside I heard nothing. No newspapers found their way into the convent; there was no gossip brought in.

I was greatly struck by the apparent absence of all curiosity amongst the sisters concerning me.

No one asked me any questions, or seemed to have any wish whatever to pry into my affairs—and that, in a house full of women, seemed to me most singular.

I was of them, yet far away from them; no one ever said a word to induce me to become a sister; I was free as air.

But at times Mother Etheldreda, in her gentle fashion, would talk to me of the shortness of time and the length of eternity, of the smallness and shallowness of worldly things, and of the greatness and beauty of things heavenly.

It is no exaggeration to say that I almost worshipped this well-nigh perfect and faultless woman.

In the whole wide world I had seen no one like her so good, so true, with so pure a soul in so fair a body; she was my ideal of excellence on earth.

She was very kind to me, very indulgent, and there were times when her eyes lingered on my face with something of wistful pain in their depths.

"How strange it is that you should have seen my face in your dreams, Agnes!" she would say to me.

"And I—well, I cannot help wondering why yours is so familiar to me.

"It is familiar, and yet how can I possibly have seen you anywhere?"

Mother Etheldreda was very fond of me, and many a pretty box of bonbons found its way to my table.

She would come into my room and talk to me, and would lay her gentle hands on my head, caressing the dark waving curls, just as my cousin had been wont to do.

"What long thick hair you have, child!" she said to me one day.

"And your eyes—I cannot think where I have seen eyes like yours before.

"But I must not spoil you; I must not love you too much," she added, smiling.

I was on the point of crying out that my whole heart thirsted for love, that I had never known any; but I remembered my vow.

One word might lead to another, and naught of my wretched past, with its miserable secret, must ever be known.

One morning I went to Mother Etheldreda's room to answer some letters for her, and, as often before, she pointed to the locked drawer wherein my money lay.

"Providence has been very good to me," she said.

"I have not had to touch the money yet, Agnes."

By that time I had grown much happier, for I worked very hard at fine embroidery, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I not only maintained myself, but that my work must be of great assistance to Mother Etheldreda.

I could make the finest point-lace, and the sums obtained for it were not inconsiderable.

Some days stand out in one's life clear and distinct from all others.

The tenth of September stands out so in mine.

As the bell rang for matins, the voices of the sisters at their prayers came to me in sweet harmony.

I little dreamed that, before the same sun set and the vesper bell rang, the whole current of my life would be changed.

"Will you come to my room, Agnes?" said Mother Etheldreda that morning.

"There is much writing to be done, and the accounts must be attended to."

How gladly I went no one but myself could ever know; yet how little I dreamed what that visit would bring forth!

Mother Etheldreda's room was on the ground floor, as being easier of access and more convenient.

It was a large square room, plainly furnished, opening by two French windows on to the garden, and adorned by various pictures of sacred subjects, including one of St. Etheldreda.

My greatest pleasure was to go there and write, where I could see the sweet beautiful face that never had a frown for me.

After we had been working busily for some little time, Mother Etheldreda looked at me with a smile.

"I shall have to pay away some of the treasure this morning, Agnes," she said.

"One of the tradespeople is coming for fifty pounds to-day."

Presently there came a rap at the door.

It was the grocer's wife; and she timidly presented her bill to the reverend mother. I saw Mother Etheldreda unlock the drawer and take out the money just as she had drawn it from my pocket—bank-notes and gold.

From the bank-notes she selected one, at which she barely glanced.

She placed it in the woman's hands, took her receipt, and then put the rest of the money back into the drawer.

The grocer's wife left us, and we resumed our occupation.

"Was that the 'Angelus' bell?" asked Mother Etheldreda, suddenly raising her face, with a curious expression on it.

"No; I heard no sound."

Then, glancing at the clock, I added, "It is not eleven yet."

She smiled at her mistake, but looked at me with the same curious gaze.

"I think," she said slowly, "that there must be thunder in the atmosphere. I have such a strangely nervous feeling; and I am not prone to fancifulness.

"Just add up this column of figures, Agnes; I am afraid I have made a mistake."

Her hand trembled a little as she gave me the paper.

I ran my finger up the column; it was perfectly correct.

"This is right, Mother Etheldreda," I said.

She thanked me.

"Just answer this letter, Agnes.

"It is from Lady St. Leonards, asking me to take a child into the orphanage. I can make room, I think; it seems to be an urgent case."

I took the letter from her with some curiosity, for I knew Lady St. Leonards, having met her once when I was out with Lady Ullswater.

I sat down to write the reply, and was soon engrossed in it.

I saw that Mother Etheldreda went back to the money-drawer, but, busy with work, paid no further heed. There was profound silence in the room.

It was broken by a deep-drawn gasping sigh, and I looked up.

Mother Etheldreda was coming towards me, holding something in her hands, her face ghastly in its pallor, a wild horror in her eyes.

Twice she tried to speak, but her voice failed her.

"Child, in the name of Heaven, who are you?" she managed to cry at last.

"Who are you?" she repeated, and then stood gazing at me with unspeakable terror. How could I tell her who I was? I could not break my vow.

"Who are you?" she repeated.

"Speak to me, Agnes. I am going mad, dear, I think."

"How can I? How can I?" I cried, bitterly.

"Tell me quickly who you are," she implored, and the terror in her voice thrilled me.

"I cannot indeed," I replied.

"You know that I registered a vow never to reveal my identity.

"I cannot break it."

Then she came nearer to me, and she shuddered painfully.

"Look!" she said.

"This was amongst your money. Tell me how you came by it—now it came into your hands."

It was an ordinary Bank of England note for ten pounds.

She pointed with trembling finger to some words written on the back of it.

Great Heaven!

There, in his own handwriting, was the name of Lancelot St. Asaph, Yatton. The words swam before my eyes.

I laid the note down again on the table, and Mother Etheldreda and myself stood looking helplessly at each other.

"How came that note into your hands?" she asked.

"Dear child, I am ashamed of my vehemence; after all these years of discipline, I ought to be calm, but I cannot—I cannot! Oh, Heaven help me!

"It means so much to me!"

"Tell me how that note came into your hands, Agnes."

"I cannot, dear Mother Etheldreda. If I tell you that, I tell you all."

She came nearer to me, her hands clasped together.

"Child," she said, "you must tell me. I—I have a cogent reason for asking.

"Sometimes I think I may have been deceived.

"Tell me, Agnes—how came you by this note?"

A violent trembling seized me; I was awe-stricken by her manner.

Who was she? Why should this name affect her?

What did she suspect? And again we stood looking helplessly at each other with wistful eyes.

"But I cannot speak!" I cried.

"My vow forbids it; my lips are closed. But you may; you are free."

More ghastly than ever, she laid her hand on my arm.

"I implore you," she cried—"tell me how you came by this note!"

I could not resist the pleading tone, the pathetic entreaty of the beautiful pale face.

"It was given to me," I replied.

"By whom?" she cried.

"By the person whose name is on it," I said.

"Oh, child, tell me, for Heaven's sake, who are you?" she cried.

How well I remembered the day and the hour when the young Earl had given me that note!

I had taken a check to him to change, and he had given me a roll of bank-notes.

While some of them were indorsed by him, what was more likely than that my own name should be on some of them? I had never once thought of this.

I had been so careful in guarding my secret, I had taken such precautions, as I thought—yet here probably it was betrayed, and in my own handwriting.

Well, my conscience would be clear even if it were so; I had not willingly betrayed myself.

But who could this be standing there with the white, beautiful face of my dreams?

Who was she that the name of St. Asaph should trouble her so?

The sound of her voice recalled me to the present.

"How came it to pass from his hands into yours?" Mother Etheldreda was saying.

"What do you know of him? Oh, Heav-

en, I have thought sometimes that I—I have been deceived!

"Tell me, dear; what do you know of him?"

"He is Lord St. Asaph," I answered.

"Yes, yes, I know; but you—who are you?"—and she drew close to me. "It is of yourself I want you to tell me—and you must!"

"I cannot break my oath," I said; "I dare not."

As though she read what was passing in my mind, she turned quickly from me and examined the roll of notes.

On one, sure enough, my name was written—"Laurie Dundas, Yatton."

We both read it; our eyes met, and she stood for a moment as though paralyzed.

Then she threw up her hands with a wild cry.

She turned from me to the picture of the Crucifixion, and stood before it mute with a terrible dismay.

"Tell me, dear," she said, gently, after a few minutes' silence, "for I have much to bear.

"Are you Lady Laurie Dundas?"

It was useless to deny it.

"Yes," I replied sadly, for the name had brought no happiness to me; "yes, I am Lady Laurie Dundas."

"And the late—Hugo—the late Earl of St. Asaph, was—your father?"

"He was," I answered—"he whom they called 'the reprobate Earl.'"

"Then may Heaven pardon all wrongdoers!

"I am your mother, child!"

And she fell upon her knees and buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SO we remained, mother and child—she on her knees, I with my eyes fixed on her.

I cannot say that I was altogether astonished; in some subtle manner she had seemed to be part of my life, to belong to me; and, looking at her, I realized the strange fact that I had never really forgotten her face.

Such as it had impressed itself on my infant brain, it was now.

I believe that, if I had seen her without the black veil, in spite of the lapse of time I should have recognized her at once.

This was my mother, this pure and holy woman whom no one ever thought had known a human love!

The sun fell on her bowed head and her black veil, and on the crucifix she wore; but her face was hidden by her white transparent hands.

My heart cried "Mother!" but my lips were dumb.

This was my mother—she who, as a girl, with golden hair and flower-like face, with tender love-lit eyes, had inspired my father with such enthusiasm; whose spiritual, devotional nature had rebelled against his coarse irreligious sensuality, and could hold no part with him—who had fled from him in hot haste when he cruelly took her child from her.

When she saw me last, she had taken me in her arms and covered my face with kisses and tears.

I could understand why she had called her home St. Etheldreda; it was in memory of the dear old church at Sedgebrook. And it was because she had loved me so well that her heart yearned over every sick and unhappy child she saw.

As the sun shone on the bowed head and the black veil, I could hardly bear the silence.

No detail of that scene will ever die from my mind.

At last I went up to her, and touched her gently.

"Mother!" I murmured—not another word.

Shall I never forget the ineffable calm and beauty of the face she turned upon me?

The wild emotion had died away; in its place was sweet serenity.

"My child," she answered—and there was a ring in her voice which brought tears into my eyes—"my child, my Laurie!"

She opened her arms and drew me to her.

At last my head rested on my mother's breast—at last.

She half drew me on to my knees, and there before the picture of the Crucifixion we knelt together. I looked in her arms, her loving heart beating near mine, her beautiful face bent over me.

Happy moments came to me afterwards, but that was the supreme, the happiest moment in my life.

"My Laurie!" she repeated softly, as one speaks in a dream—"my little child, whom I loved so dearly, and whom I believed dead!"

I heard her murmur words of prayer; and then she raised me from her breast and looked at me.

"It seems as though you had been given back to me from the dead," she said. "I thank Heaven that you have been given back to me, my child!"

Then with her gentle hands, she touched my dark brows and dark hair.

"You have the St. Asaph beauty, my Laurie," she added.

"Heaven grant that to you it may not be a fatal gift!"

She looked long and earnestly into my face and bent down and kissed me, not once, but a score of times, and with a passionate fondness.

So the longing and desire of my heart were gratified at last.

I had found my mother; and she loved me.

"My Laurie," she said, "when I saw you last you were a little child—such a sweet little child, with a great dark shining eyes and cheeks like roses!

"I loved you so!

"I was proud of you.

"Laurie, call me 'mother' again," she said.

"Mother, thank Heaven I have found you!

"I have dreamed of you all my life," I said.

"My Laurie!" she repeated.

"Oh, my darling, when I saw you last, you lay in your little cot, and I bent over you to kiss you!

"You opened those dark eyes of yours; in sweet imperative baby fashion you clasped your arms round my neck.

"'Mamma must not go,' you said

"'I shall soon be at home again, my darling,' I murmured; but I never saw you again.

"I was going away for a few hours, I thought; but I knew afterwards that I was decoyed away that you might be taken from me.

"When I returned home and hastened to seek you, you were gone.

"When I came in my agony afterwards to ask for you, I was told that you were dead.

"Heaven knows what I suffered! My little Laurie, I was almost mad for some months afterwards.

"At night, when I tried to sleep, I felt the clasp of your little hands round my neck; I felt the touch of your little loving lips; I could hear your voice crying, 'Mamma, do not go;' and my heart was wrung with anguish."

Her gentle lips kissed me, her gentle hands clasped me fondly.

Oh, my beautiful mother, how vividly the scene comes back to me!

"My little Laurie," she cried—"but you are tall now—all the St. Asaphs are tall—do you remember, dear, that I taught you to pray?

"There was an exquisite picture in my room at home"—her voice trembled pitifully as she uttered the word—"of the 'Light of the World.'

"I used to sit before it and teach your little lips simple prayers and hymns. Have you forgotten them, darling?"

How pleased I was to tell her I remembered every word, and that I had never omitted saying them!

"I remembered another thing," I said. "Every night, when you came to my bedside and kissed me, you said the same words—'Heaven bless and keep you, my child!'—and almost every night for years, in my dreams, I saw your face and heard your voice.

"Oh, mother, thank Heaven I have found you!

"I have yearned for you all my life."

"My little Laurie, how I loved you! I was very unhappy, and you were my only solace in the world.

"I could not endure that you should leave my presence for a moment.

"Every fresh word you learned to speak was a delight to me.

"You had a nurse—not the one who betrayed me, but a younger one—who said to me often, 'Do not love the child too much, madam; you might lose her.' And I did lose you, my Laurie.

"I have thought of her words a hundred times.

"Let me kiss you again, to assure myself that you are real, and that I am not dreaming."

I drew nearer to her. My great love was blotting out fear.

I took her hands, and kissed them again and again.

"Did I call you 'mamma' in my babyhood?" I asked.

"Always," she answered.

"Then let me call you 'mamma' now," I said.

"Everybody calls you 'mother.' You are 'mother' to the whole household; to me be 'mamma.'"

"It sounds very sweet," she said gently; and her beautiful face flushed. "Say it again, Laurie."

"Mamma, darling, how I love you! How I thank Heaven that I have found you!

"I have loved you all my life, yearned for you always.

"Oh, mamma, you must never let me leave you again!"

Then she looked at me with sweet earnestness.

"My Laurie," she said, "do you know that I see the finger of Providence in all this?

"What a marvellous coincidence it has been!

"Though no doubt occurred to me at first, for years past I have half suspected that your father deceived me, and I have prayed again and again that I might know the truth.

"Then one of our own sisters brought you home here. It seems almost a miracle to me."

"How good you have been to me! How kindly you have cared for me!" I cried.

"And to think that you should have been with me all this time, and I should not have known you!

"We should never have known each other but for the money, Laurie; think of that!

"Yet I am not quite sure," she continued, "for there was something in your face which attracted my attention from the first, something that stirred my heart with pain every time I looked at you. It may be that in time our secret would have been known."

"Mamma, I had similar thoughts about you, for you had the face of my dreams."

"Dearest child, it is Heaven that has mercifully brought us together," she said.

"We must pray that we may never be separated," I answered.

"Oh, mamma, I must never leave you again—never!"

Then her face blanched.

"Laurie," she whispered, "I—I am not well.

"Lock the door, and, if any one comes, say nothing.

"I——"

Suddenly the beautiful head drooped, and I saw that she had fainted.

The excitement had been too great for her.

Ah, she need not have feared that I would allow strangers to interfere between her and myself!

I laid the drooping head on my breast, and kissed life and color back into her face.

"Laurie," she cried, when her eyes opened, "is it really you? It is not all a dream that will fade?"

"A dream, mamma!

"No, indeed," I answered; and then I kissed her again.

"Laurie," said my mother, "come out into the garden; the fresh air will soon revive me. But first lock up the money, dear."

Mother and child, we walked across the grass to where the weather-beaten cross with its trailing ivy and full-blown passion-flowers stood.

She trembled so that she could hardly stand.

"Sit down here, mamma," I said.

And she sat down at the foot of the cross, and I settled myself near her. As the windows of the cloister overlooked the garden, I dared not caress her; but my eyes conveyed the love my heart felt.

"Laurie," she said, with a sweet smile, "if you look at me in that fashion, every one who sees you will begin to wonder what is the matter."

"Do I look as though I loved you so dearly, mamma?"

"You do indeed, dear child."

"Then I am glad," I said.

"After all the long weary years of yearning, how can I show my love for you enough?"

"Perhaps I shall require one great proof of your love, Laurie.

"If so, I am most sure you will stand the test.

"And now, my darling, as we have some time before the 'Angelus' bell rings at mid-day, tell me the story, all that you know and remember about yourself."

I told it to her as I have told it in these pages—from the earliest moment of my recollection, when, a little child, I had found myself in the garden of Pentarn House.

I told her of the day when, listening to the thrush's song and watching the butterflies, so great a yearning had come to me for my mother and that mother's love—how I had been taken from school by a woman who hated me—how she had persecuted me and cruelly ill-treated me. My mother's lips quivered, and the tears came into her eyes.

"My poor child!" she said softly.

I told her of my love-story, so sad and so sweet—of the young Earl who had seemed to love me, and then had wished me dead.

I told her what his sisters had said, how wretched I was, how no one loved me; and how I seemed to be in everybody's way.

My mother's face grew paler as she listened, and the tears fell fast from her eyes.

I told her how I was driven mad, and how in my madness I ran away, vowing never in life to look upon them again.

"Poor child!" she murmured, with sweetest sympathy.

She smiled when I told her about making my will.

"What a fancy, dear child!" she said gently.

"The money was much more yours than theirs.

"It all belonged to your father."

"But then they had been brought up in the expectation of inheriting it," I said.

She was interested in Daisy and the Marquis, and yet more so in Colonel Trentham and Gladys.

"What a mean, ignoble man, Laurie! I am glad you did not like him, my dear."

Like him!

No.

I told her there was only one man in this world whom I should ever like, and that was my cousin Lance, even though he had wished me dead.

There was no room in my heart for any other.

"You know, mamma," I said, "the love of the St. Asaphs is 'fixed and fatal.'"

"I have some cause to know it, Laurie," she replied—as indeed she had.

Then I told her of all I had suffered on that terrible day when Sister Magalen had found me in St. Paul's Church and brought me home. My mother listened with grave attention.

"It seems to me, Laurie," she said, "that you were hasty in your judgment. You did not hear the Earl say that he wished you dead?"

"No; but his sisters did not know that I was near, and they spoke in a manner which made me think that it must be true."

"I would not have condemned him unheard, Laurie," said my gentle mother.

"You would never have condemned him at all; you are too good," I answered. "But he loved Lady Maud. There was no mistake whatever about that, mamma. I should think they are married by now."

But my mother did not seem convinced.

"I think you should have spoken to him, Laurie, my darling, before you left," she said.

"I do not view his conduct quite in the same light as you do. I think he loved you."

"Oh, mamma!" I cried, while my heart beat and my face flushed.

"Nay, I cannot think so; it is utterly impossible.

"But now we have talked long enough of myself, mamma; I am dying to hear your story from your own lips."

"You know most of it, Laurie. My fate has been a strange one, dear; but I am sure all has been for the best.

"My life has been simply a romance of a black veil."

"You had a happy childhood, mamma.

"My dearest Laurie, all that your father told you was true.

"My little world, Arcadian in its simplicity comprised my home, my parents, and St. Etheldreda's.

"I was one of the happiest, brightest, lightest-hearted girls in the world. Our garden, the birds, visiting the sick and the poor, making home bright and happy were my simple pleasures.

"The one wish, the one great desire of my father's heart the dream of his life, was to restore his dear old church of St. Etheldreda.

"He was always thinking of it, always scheming how he could raise money for it. Laurie, a romantic thought had never entered my head; but, when your father came to us, he was so good about St. Etheldreda's he made my father so intensely happy, that I almost idolized him.

"I thought that he was devoted to the interest of the church, but never dreamed that he was in love with me—never for one moment.

"He was a handsome man in those days, Laurie"—I thought of his face as I had seen it last, fixed in the terrible death-agony and I shuddered—"but it was not for that I admired him.

"It was for his generous goodness to the church and to my parents.

"Then, I think," added my mother, with a most charming air of candor, "I really was what the world calls 'in love' with him.

"But he never told me that he was Earl of St. Asaph.

"Had I known it, I would not have married him, for rank and title had no attractions for me."

"Yet, *nolens volens*, you are Countess of St. Asaph," I interrupted.

She smiled sweetly, a placid beautiful smile that was almost seraphic.

"I think, Laurie," she said, "that I was very happy for a few months. Your father my husband—oh, how strange those words seem to me now!—is dead, and of the dead we must speak no evil.

"I will say nothing of what I felt, what I suffered, when I found that I had married the man known as 'the reprobate Earl.' Nothing could compensate me for that. I will pass on to the time when I believed you dead.

"Why the Earl treated me so cruelly about you I have never known: but I think he was angry, jealous, because I loved you and did not love him. I can think of no other motive.

"It was a cruel deed—perhaps the most cruel he ever committed. Now that I am older and wiser, I cannot imagine why I believed him so implicitly.

"From his manner I ought to have doubted him; but I never did. I firmly believed you dead.

"Then when I began to get better, the Earl's lawyer came to see me. The Earl sent me word that he was tired of my baby face and whining ways, and that he would give me anything I asked if I would go away and never let him see me again. Well, it was a matter of indifference to me now that I believed my child was dead.

"At first I refused money; but Mr. Norton, the lawyer, was a sensible man. 'I advise you to take it,' he said, 'If it is left in the Earl's hands, he will only spend it in rioting and sin; while if you take it, think what good you may do with it; you can devote it to the service of Heaven.'

"So I took what was offered, Laurie—fifty thousand dollars—and with it I established this place.

"Though life for me was ended, I could live and work for others.

"A hundred ways of doing good presented themselves to me.

"Oh, Laurie, for your dear sake I loved every motherless, homeless child I met; and the poor old people whom I saw living and dying in wretchedness and misery appealed to my heart.

"I beheld around me so much poverty, misery, sickness, ignorance, that I had not even time to lament my own sorrows; I had hardly time to think of them. I established this place—the convent, the orphanage, the hospital—and I have been here ever since.

"My past life has faded away. I could fancy that I have never been anything except Mother Etheldreda.

"Everything is a dream to me, except the love and the memory of you. I am very happy," concluded my mother, with a smile.

"But, mamma," I cried, "now that you have found me, you will go back to the world; you will take up your rank and station; will you not?"

"We will talk of that, dear child, later on," she answered. "And, in the meantime, keep our secret, Laurie; let no one have an inkling of it."

* * * * * * *

How did I keep my secret? I can hardly tell.

I know that my eyes were invariably

fixed on my mother's face, and I am sure that my love must have shone in them. How did I refrain from telling everybody that I was her child?

A hundred times a day I found I was congratulating myself that, although they all loved her and called her "mother," she was mine, my very own.

"Take care, Laurie," she would say to me—"take care of those shining eyes."

How I loved her!

The tenor of my life was quite changed; the only dark spot in it now was with regard to the Earl.

What would he say, I was always asking myself, if he knew I had my mother?

She might have occupied a leading position in the world; she was so beautiful that she might have had it at her feet; she was so graceful, so clever, that she might have been a very queen of society; but she preferred this humbler and obscurer life, a life of privation and hard work.

I thought no more noble character than my beautiful mother had ever lived; but I told her frankly that I considered it would have been better had she remained with my father.

It was true that he ill-treated her, but was it not within the bounds of possibility that, had she not left him he might in time have become gentler to her, and even have become a better man?

The desertion of my father was the only matter for which I could ever blame my idolized mother.

I could not tell whether she agreed with me or not.

She said little, but she looked wistfully at me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN'S SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"IF you knew my mother and Mollie better, you would know there was no fear of that," Bertie answered in a rather annoyed tone.

"Why, Mollie is the jolliest, dearest little soul in the world!"

"Yes, and the best mimic and most sarcastic girl you ever knew," interrupted Daisy.

"Oh, I haven't forgotten!

"You have often told me about the fun she picks out of people.

"And I wouldn't go down there alone for ten thousand pounds!

"And you ought not to ask me, Bertie. If you cared for me—you—you wouldn't," sobbed Daisy.

"Why, my dear child," Bertie began, "do be reasonable."

But a glance at his wife's face warned him that one of the hysterical outbreaks which he so much dreaded would assuredly follow any further remonstrance; and he paused irresolutely and looked at Maggie.

"You need not go alone, Daisy dear; Margaret will accompany you, I dare say," he went on cheerfully.

"Margaret? I won't go without you," Daisy retorted.

"Why can't you take me with you?" she asked.

"I shall be knocking about from place to place.

"I am afraid it wouldn't be very comfortable for you," Bertie said.

"And, my pet, I think you had better go to Aldrum.

"Indeed I wrote to my mother this afternoon, when I was at the office waiting for our chief, and told her you would come to-morrow or Friday.

"Come, Daisy dear."

But Daisy had no intention of giving way, and she shook her head in a resolute manner.

"Then you had better write to your mother and tell her I am going with you," she said, putting up her hand caressingly to stroke the thick beard of which Bertie was pardonably proud.

"I should be perfectly wretched to think of you alone out there without any one to look after your comforts.

"I am not thinking of myself, it is all for you."

"But I thought you were so anxious to see Lady Hilda's diamonds, Daisy?"

"Diamonds!

"I can see them any day.

"I have a diamond locket myself," she said contemptuously.

"You can't see diamonds like those any day," Bertie answered.

"Why they are worth six or seven thousand pounds.

"Quite a small fortune in themselves, eh, Maggie?"

Maggie had looked up with a sudden flash in her eyes at the words. Six thousand pounds!

Six thousand pounds to be lavished on trinkets, wherewith to deck out Daisy's insignificant little figure, and four hundred would save a life from ruin!

Four hundred!

How the words haunted her all that evening!

How they rang in her ears, above the noises in the street, drowning Bertie's pleasant voice and Daisy's sweet low laughter!

Later on, how they echoed in the wind that shrieked round the house!

Four hundred pounds—only a trifle too many, but to her an utter impossibility.

And then all at once, as she lay sleeplessly tossing on her bed, an idea, startling in its wildness and audacity, flashed across her mind and told her now the money might be obtained.

There was nothing but bustle and confusion the next morning.

Bertie and his wife were to leave London in the evening, and there was shopping to be done and dresses to pack.

Bertie spent most of the day at the office, receiving his instructions about his work; and Daisy was too busy and excited to notice how tired and pale poor Maggie looked.

It was not until just before the cab came to the door that Bertie remembered that the letter telling his mother of the change in their plans still remained unwritten.

"Bother the thing!

"I haven't time now.

"You will write, Maggie, won't you? Put it as nicely as you can. I know Mollie will be so disappointed!" he said in an annoyed tone.

"And tell them not to expect to hear from us for some time.

"We shall be knocking about from place to place, and I shall be too busy to write, I know."

"Very well," Maggie answered quietly. "Will you not write at all then?" she asked.

"Not till I can fix the time for our visit. I do not think we shall be away more than a fortnight.

"You will stay here, I suppose, Margaret, till we return.

"I have taken the rooms for another fortnight, you know."

"I think so."

Margaret turned her face away as she spoke, and her hand shook nervously.

"I don't go to Mrs. Martin's till the middle of April."

Bertie remembered afterwards with what a passionate tenderness Maggie had taken Daisy in her arms and kissed her again and again.

He looked back at the window as the cab drove away, and waved his hand, with a smile.

But there was no answering smile on Margaret's face.

Silently, with a sad yet resolute look on her face, she stood at the window and watched till the cab turned the corner of the street and disappeared.

And it seemed to her, as she turned away, with a heavy sigh, that she had said good-bye for ever to her pretty much-loved little cousin, to the days of her girlhood, to her old happy innocent life.

CHAPTER III.

THE winter lingered long in the North that year, but the spring came with a sudden burst at last, and all traces of snow and frost soon vanished before cloudless sunshine and warm, mild days.

No one in Aldrum rejoiced more over the change in the weather than Mollie Treherne.

She was passionately fond of outdoor amusements, of riding and boating, and the sea had been much too rough during the last two months for any small boats to venture out.

The village of Aldrum lay about half a mile inland, and consisted of a long row of detached houses, each standing in its own garden facing the green, the favorite resort of all the donkeys and children and geese in the neighborhood.

The Vicarage, which had formerly been an old manor house, stood just outside the village.

It was an old fashioned, red-brick house facing the sea, with a sunny sheltered garden at one side sloping down a picturesque glen, where the earliest violets and primroses grew.

Down the long village street came Mollie Treherne one bright afternoon, driving her pretty ponies.

She had a pleasant word and smile for every one as she drove along, from the children who scampered out of the way of the ponies, and gazed at her with open-eyed admiration to the Vicar just returning from a round of pastoral visits. Mollie checked the ponies and held out her hand as he raised his hat.

"Where are you going?" he asked, after the first salutations were over.

"I am going to the station to meet Bertie's wife," Mollie answered, her merry face clouding a little.

"You know what a disappointment we had last night.

"Bertie has been obliged to start off to Spain, and as he can't take his wife with him very well, she is coming here till he returns."

"Yes; so Mr. Treherne told me this morning; but I did not know she was coming to-day."

"Nor did I till this morning. Mamma had just started off to spend the day with Mrs. Hornby when the telegram came; and papa is away too.

"So I shall have the pleasure of entertaining her," Mollie said in a slighty impatient tone.

"Would you like me to go with you to receive her?"

"Yes—very much, if you don't mind," Mollie cried eagerly.

"You won't be of much use in making conversation; but I shall feel strengthened by the consciousness of your moral support. Jump in or we shall be late."

Quickly as Mollie drove, they were a little late after all.

The train went out of the station as Mollie drew up her ponies before the door; and, giving the reins to Mr. Bernhart, she walked on to the platform. One of the grooms from the Hall, who had been sent with a trap for the luggage, was standing at a little distance, talking to a tall girl in a gray ulster and hat.

She looked up as Mollie approached and spoke to the groom, who touched his hat and turned to meet his young mistress.

"Mr. Bertie's wife is here, Miss Mollie. Shall I take the luggage now? There is only one box."

"Not a bit like what I expected," was the first thought; and "How can Bertie call her Daisy?" was the second which flashed across Mollie's mind as she went forward to meet her visitor.

She had expected to see a little dimpled creature, all smiles and blushes—the type of womanhood which Bertie had always most admired—and instead a tall graceful girl, with steady dark eyes, and a smile that was wonderfully sweet and pleasant, came forward to meet her, and held out her hand.

"You are Mollie I know; I should have recognized you anywhere from Bertie's description," a pleasant voice said graciously; and Mollie, delighted at the frank greeting, took the girl's hand cordially in her own.

"Yes; I am so sorry not to have been here in time; but I was delayed on the way," she said eagerly. "Where is your luggage? Only this?"—as a rather small box was pointed out. "You haven't much wedding finery, have you? I expected to see heaps of luggage."

"No; I am to stay such a short time, I thought it was not worth while to bring many things."

"A short time! Nonsense! We intend to keep you as long as you are in England," Mollie interrupted. "We are dreadfully disappointed Bertie was not able to come with us. But never mind. The pony carriage is outside. I hope you don't object to an open trap. Mamma has the brougham in town to-day, and your telegram came just after she had left home."

Should she ever be able to carry out her plan? Margaret Ryder wondered, as, with her heart beating wildly, and every nerve in her body throbbing with excitement, she followed Mollie across the platform to the pony-carriage, where the Vicar was waiting. It had seemed easy enough as she sat in her lodgings the night before and planned out her course.

The letter which was to inform Mrs. Treherne of the change in Bertie's plans had never been written.

Down at Aldrum they were daily expecting the bride.

Margaret had only to put on a wedding-ring, and assume Daisy's name, and the rest would be easy enough.

Bertie and his wife would not return for ten days or a fortnight, and long before that, if all went well and her scheme prospered, the diamonds would have been pledged, the money raised, and Ernest on his way to New Zealand.

It had all seemed easy and straight-forward enough if she had only courage and audacity to brave it out.

As to what was to come afterwards and her own future, Margaret scarcely gave a thought.

"Daisy would scarcely prosecute her own cousin," she said to herself, with a bitter smile.

She would have to sacrifice a few hundreds of the money which was so dear to her, and which ought by right to be Margaret's, to get back her diamonds; but she could afford to do that well enough. And Ernest would be saved.

It had seemed easy enough to Margaret in London; but now all at once as she looked at Mollie's bonny face, and met the searching glance of her bright eyes, all sorts of difficulties and dangers presented themselves, and, if it had been possible, Margaret would have abandoned her scheme, and acknowledged that she was beaten.

But the rubicon was passed, and there could be no drawing back.

Two days before she had written to Ernest a cheerful letter of encouragement and hope.

She had entreated him to do nothing rashly; but to wait patiently for a few days and the money would be procured. That morning she had received a letter from him in return, full of such wild words of gratitude, such passionate protestations of love, such vows for the future, that she had been more than ever determined to carry out her plan.

But she had never guessed before how hard the struggle would be.

"For Ernest—for Ernest," she whispered to herself.

And at the thought of the handsome young lover, whom ever since her girlhood she had loved with a woman's passionate absorbing affection, and who—wild and foolish as he was—returned that affection with all the strength of his nature, her courage returned.

She threw back her head proudly, and there was a steady smile on her lips, as she followed Mollie out of the dingy little station.

"Here she is, Mr. Bernhart.

"Let me introduce you to Bertie's wife," Mollie said gaily, as the Vicar jumped out of the carriage, with a quick look at the new arrival.

"Daisy—oh, I really cannot call you that name!" Mollie went on with a merry laugh. "It is such a ridiculous name for you."

"Call me Margaret then"—and again Mollie was charmed by the bright smile that flashed across the girl's calm face—"I like it much better."

"All right.

"Jump in, Margaret. Mr. Bernhart will go behind."

Margaret could not resist an exclamation of surprise and pleasure as Mollie drove rapidly down the narrow lane, and they came within sight of the pretty village, and caught a glimpse of the blue sea, where the boats were dancing up and down, and far away a ship with gleaming white sails was passing.

"Oh, how lovely!

"I had no idea that Aldrum was such a pretty place," she said.

"Bertie never told me so; he always said it was so dull."

"So it is—the dullest little hole under the sun, unless you care for boating and fishing," answered the Vicar, unheeding Mollie's indignant look.

"See, that is the Hall; that house to the right.

"You can just see it among the trees," he said.

Mollie turned the ponies sharply round a corner as he spoke, drove down one hill and up another, crossed a bridge through a great archway covered with creepers and ivy—the remains of some ancient gateway—finally turned in at a gate, and, driving up an avenue of chestnut-trees, pulled up her ponies at the Hall door.

"Welcome home, dear," she said with a smile to Margaret, as she gave the reins to a groom.

She put her hand within Margaret's arm, and led her through the sombre hall, down a long corridor into the library.

Margaret looked round the beautiful room with an uneasy sense of wonder and pleasure.

The dark oak furniture, the quaint Dutch fireplace, and the painted window at one end, through which the light streamed in soft subdued tints on the square of carpet spread in the centre of the room, were all new and strange to her.

Bertie had often spoken of his home, but neither she nor Daisy had imagined anything half so beautiful and grand as this.

Margaret could not fancy Daisy as the future mistress of this grand old mansion.

A villa in Bayswater or St. John's Wood seemed infinitely more suited to her babyish prettiness.

Mollie drew up a chair to the fire, and made Margaret lean back comfortably among the cushions while she rang for tea. It was quite a new sensation to Maggie to be petted and waited on; she had always been the one to care for others—never to be cared for—and she lay back in her chair and watched Mollie flitting about the room, and listened to her sweet voice with an odd feeling of unreality.

"It is all a dream, surely!" she said to herself.

She would wake up by-and-by, and find herself in the dingy London lodgings.

"I brought you into the library, because it is Mr. Bernhart's favorite room," Mollie said, as she poured out the tea into the dainty china cups.

"You must not be surprised, Margaret, if by-and-by, when he gets tired of our society, he retires into the window-seat, and forgets us and everything else in one of those musty old books."

"I don't wonder!" and Margaret smiled. "It is just the room to read or dream in! And what quantities of books!"

She glanced with wondering admiration at the shelves which lined the room from floor to ceiling. "Are you a great student, Mollie?"

Mollie laughed and shook her head. "I am afraid not!

"I am very fond of some books; novels and travels, and what somebody calls the 'picturesque parts' of history," she answered frankly.

"And I like some of Carlyle and Ruskin pretty well; but I detest what is called improving reading."

"And poetry?" Margaret suggested. "You like that, don't you?"

"She has had no opportunity of judging. Mollie's studies have not advanced beyond 'How doth the little busy bee,' and 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,'" Bernhart put in gravely.

"Some poetry?

"Yes.

"I like Tennyson—as much of him as I can understand, that is—and I am very fond of Byron; but the poems I like best are ballads like Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' and Aytoun's 'Scottish Cavaliers,' you know.

"Poems like those make me feel all in a quiver of excitement," Mollie went on, with a thrill in her soft voice, "when I read them, because they seem so real, and they make the grand heroic deeds of old come back so vividly before me."

"Mollie is quite a hero-worshipper, you see, Mrs. Treherne," Mr. Bernhart said, looking at Margaret with a smile.

At his surprise she flushed vividly at the words, then grew suddenly pale, and the hand that held her cup shook nervously. It was with an effort that she contrived to smile as she made some assenting answer.

"Yes, I only wish there were some heroes or heroines nowadays," Mollie went on, with a sigh.

"Women like Charlotte Corday, or Jael, or Judith, for instance.

"The world is too common-place and matter-of-fact for them nowadays, I suppose.

"Only when I think of them, and of what a silly weak little wretch I am, I feel almost ashamed of myself."

"You are very much better as you are," Bernhart said drily.

"Your favorite Jaels and Judiths are perfect as heroines, no doubt, but as women they are—to my thinking, at least—mistakes.

"We are not told whether Jael had any children, I believe, or I have forgotten if we are; but if she had," the Vicar went on in his meditative way, "I fancy she must have hesitated before she touched their in-

nocent faces with the hands that had driven the nail into Sisera's temple!"

"Do you think so?

"Now I," cried Mollie, her eyes flashing and her voice quivering with excitement, "can fancy, on the contrary, how she would go straight from Sisera's dead body, to her child's bed, and kneel by his side and tell him to kiss the hands that had brought death to the tyrant and freedom to her country!

"I am not a bit heroic myself—I am the most common-place and matter-of-fact person possible to imagine—but I do admire heroism in others!

"And I don't care whether Jael was treacherous or not," the girl went on defiantly.

"I dare say she was thinking more of her husband and children than her country when she lifted the hammer and struck the fatal blow; and I love those people who have courage to brave any danger—yes, to do anything, whether it is right or wrong—for the sake of those they love!"

With a sudden impulse, odd in one usually so reserved and self-possessed, Margaret rose from her seat and kissed Mollie's flushed face.

She sank back in her chair the next moment ashamed of herself, and half afraid of the consequences of the impulsive caress; but that kiss had opened a way to Mollie's heart more effectually than anything else could have done.

A little to the Vicar's surprise—for she was not of a gushing nature, and her opinion on the subject of indiscriminate kissing was well known to him—she returned the caress heartily.

"Do you know I had quite made up my mind to dislike you?" she said presently, when, a little later on, the Vicar had refused her invitation to dinner, and departed, leaving the two girls alone; "but I don't think I shall now."

"I hope not," Margaret answered, her fingers stroking the pretty rough head that rested against her knee, for Mollie had taken her favorite seat on the rug before the fire as soon as the Vicar left the room.

"You are not a bit like what I expected from Bertie's letters," Mollie went on meditatively.

"I fancied you would be a silly little thing, rather affected, and very gushing and affectionate in your manner—Bertie was always fond of gushing girls—and I had quite made up my mind to dislike you.

"Mr. Bernhart preached me such a sermon one day when I was ventilating my views."

"I don't think I am very gushing, at all events," Margaret said with a half smile.

"No, and I can't imagine how Bertie can call you Daisy," Mollie went on, with a vicious emphasis on the unfortunate name. "It was all that that gave me such an unfavorable impression!

"And I thought you would be like some young wives I have known; given to stand upon your dignity, and be jealous of your husband's relatives.

"Indeed, I had quite made up my mind that I had lost Bertie," Mollie added, with a little quiver in her voice; "but I don't mind sharing him with you."

Margaret sighed a little as she looked at the pretty earnest face, and thought of Daisy's jealous exacting nature. Poor little Mollie!

There were hard lines in store for her, Margaret thought sadly.

"I don't think you need be afraid of losing Bertie, dear," she said.

"He is much too fond of you for that.

"Why it was always Mollie—never any one else—whom he used to talk about."

Mollie looked pleased.

"We were always so fond of each other, you know," she said; "he is such a dear affectionate boy.

"Weren't you awfully sorry to let him go off to Spain alone?

"I should have gone with him if I had been you?"

"He did not wish it," Magaret returned hurriedly.

"He thought I had better come here, and make your acquaintance.

"Besides"—with a great effort she forced herself to speak lightly—"you forget! I was so anxious to see my diamonds."

"The diamonds!"—and Mollie looked disturbed.

"I am so sorry, dear, you will be disappointed—for you can't see them just yet."

"Why not?"—and Margaret's heart gave a great throb of terror. Had she dared so much in vain?

"Because the clasp of the necklace was broken, and the *pater* sent it and the rest of the ornaments to be repaired.

"Why, you do look disappointed"—for Margaret's face had grown ashy white, and her heart beat suffocatingly and fast.

"Never mind, they will be here in a day or two.

"It is no great matter."

"No;" and Maggie bit her lip, and forced herself to speak quietly.

"Only I have heard so much of these diamonds that I felt disappointed."

The intelligence that the diamonds were not in the house, and that some days must elapse before she had a chance of carrying out her plan, was a great blow to her.

Her whole nature revolted against the idea of remaining for any length of time a guest in the house—of receiving kindness and hospitality when she meditated such a base return.

But since this was unavoidable Margaret determined to do her best to leave a pleasant memory behind her.

In the days to come when they knew all, they might loathe the sin, but they should think kindly of the sinner, Margaret thought drearily, as she stood alone by her bedroom window, and looked across the garden towards the sea, where the sunset light was falling in golden flashes.

Then she thought of Ernest waiting anxiously in that dingy black town in the North for the letter and the good news she had promised.

"It is all for you, Ernest," she said sadly to herself, clasping her hands together with sudden passion.

"When the time comes and they know all, will you remember that, my darling, I wonder; or will you turn from me like the rest?"

CHAPTER IV.

NO letter from Bertie this morning, at all events.

"When do you expect to hear, my dear?" said Mrs. Treherne, beaming placidly across the breakfast-table at Margaret.

The postbag had just been brought into the room, and Mollie had noticed how anxiously Margaret watched until the contents had been distributed, and noticed also with a little surprise the relieved look which gradually crept over her face at Mrs. Treherne's words.

"I don't know, not just yet at all events," she answered, the quick flush which the mere mention of Bertie's name never failed to call into her face rising vividly as she spoke.

"He said the posts were so irregular that we were not to be alarmed if we did not hear from him for some time; and it is a dreadful trouble to Bertie to write a letter, you know."

"Yes, we are certainly not a literary family," Mollie remarked.

"I really don't know how I shall manage when I get a young man!

"I always did think that writing the love-letters would be a great drawback to the pleasure of being engaged."

"Wait till you have a chance of writing them;" and the Squire, who was carving the ham at the bottom of the table, looked at his pretty daughter with a world of love and pride in his eyes.

"When are you going to pick up a young man, Mollie?

"It is about time, I think.

"You generally have three or four admirers on the carpet, but they don't seem to come to the point somehow!

"How is it?"

"I don't know, I am sure, papa," Mollie answered demurely.

"As you say, I have always had plenty of sweethearts, but, somehow, they don't come to the point as quickly as I could wish."

"Ask Margaret to give you a lesson," the Squire said, with an amused smile. "How did you manage it, eh, Margaret?"

He smiled pleasantly as he spoke, at Margaret's blushing face.

Naturally good-natured and easy-going, he had been prepared to be pleased with Bertie's choice, and Margaret's high-bred face, her quiet self-possession, above all, her admiration for his horses and the intelligent interest she took in his farming operations surprised and pleased him.

"She is not a beauty, but she is well-bred and has some good points," he said decisively to his wife, who as usual gladly acquiesced.

Mollie too had learned to love Margaret very dearly during the past few days.

She had had very few girl friends, and, when Bertie had left home, had often felt a little dull and lonely, and Margaret had seemed to bring new pleasure and interest into her life.

They were constantly together; read and worked, took long walks across the cliffs and by the sea, and, in the bright spring days that followed Margaret's arrival, spent hours on the water, sometimes with a boatman, or occasionally accompanied by the Vicar.

It would not have been a very difficult matter in any case, Margaret found, to win a place in the hearts of these simple country people; indeed an incident which occurred on the fifth day of her visit would alone have been sufficient to earn the everlasting gratitude of Mollie's parents.

The two girls were returning one afternoon from a long walk across the cliffs.

It had been a bright sunshiny day when they started, but now, as they ran down the steep bank which led into the village, the sky became suddenly overcast, and a cold gust of wind blew a few heavy drops of rain in their faces.

"We are going to have a heavy shower. I know what that black cloud means well enough," Mollie said gaily.

"Oh, Maggie, do look at Mr. Bernhart!

"What on earth is he doing?"

A small row of cottages stood at the top of the village street.

They had small gardens in front, and a low hedge, generally covered with clothes of every description spread out to dry, ran down the opposite side of the street.

By this hedge side the Vicar was standing, busily engaged in helping an infirm old woman to get her washing safely housed before the shower rendered a second drying necessary.

Two little children were standing by, looking on with solemn faces.

Mr. Bernhart looked up and laughed as the girls came within sight.

"Just in time, Mollie! Give me a hand with this basket.

"Your legs are younger than either mine or Mrs. Mogg's," he said coolly.

"Sure, and I needn't trouble Miss Mollie!" said Mrs. Mogg, dropping a curtsey to the Squire's daughter.

"I can help your Reverence myself.

"You see, miss, my daughter-in-law is laid up with the rheumatism, and the steam from the clothes is bad for her, so I made shift to dry them outside for once."

"Yes, but they won't be dry long if we don't make haste," returned Bernhart good-humoredly, lifting the heavy basket from the grass.

"Mollie, look out!

"Do you see who is coming down the bank?

"Mrs. Treherne, if you would not be disgraced for ever in the eyes of the aristocracy, turn your back and look as if you did not belong to us."

Margaret turned with an amused smile at the words.

A pony-carriage containing Mrs. Corder and her daughter was rapidly approaching down the hill; and Mollie laughed heartily as she saw the expression of wonder and disdain which flashed over the faces of both ladies at the sight of the Vicar and his basket of clothes.

"They will have a fine spill some day if they don't take care," Mollie said composedly.

"How carelessly Maud is driving; and she can scarcely hold those ponies in."

The road took a sharp curve at the foot of the hill, and, as Mollie spoke, the ponies dashed round this curve, and, startled by the flapping clothes on the hedge or by a dog which ran out of a cottage barking furiously, started, plunged violently, and finally rushed off at a mad gallop down the street.

Mollie gave a cry of horror.

"Oh, Maggie, look at that little child!" she cried, in a voice which Margaret scarcely recognized, it was so hoarse and strained, and full of such wild alarm.

She pointed as she spoke to a little child which, unconscious of its peril, was standing in the middle of the road staring at the carriage.

The Vicar had just crossed the street and had safely deposited his basket within the cottage door; but he turned quickly at the cry—turned just in time to see Mollie spring forward, fling the child safely aside, and to see also something that looked like a glimpse of Mollie's dark blue dress and chestnut head among the plunging ponies' feet.

For an instant he stood paralyzed with horror, but in that instant Margaret had caught the reins with a strong firm hand, forced back the frightened ponies, and drawn Mollie out of danger of the trampling feet.

"Is she—much hurt?"

There was a look of intense alarm and despair on Mr. Bernhart's face as he knelt on the grass beside Mollie's insensible figure.

"I think not, I am almost sure she is only stunned," Margaret answered quickly.

"Get some water; or, stay—carry her into that cottage."

"Mr. Bernhart, wait one moment.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" Mrs. Corder cried. "Can't we do anything?

"Oh Molly, dear Molly, I shall never forgive myself!

"Oh, I don't think I shall ever drive again if she is hurt!" the girl cried, bursting into a passion of hysterical tears.

But the Vicar did not answer.

Silently, with a grave scared look on his face, he lifted Mollie's light figure in his arms and carried her across the road into the nearest cottage.

Her head lay back on his shoulder, and, as he bent to enter at the door, his moustache brushed across her forehead, and the light touch sent a thrill of ecstasy and pain through his heart,

"Give her back to me, oh, give my darling back!" he muttered half aloud.

But, low as the words were spoken, the sound reached Mollie's dulled ears.

She sighed deeply, her soft eyes opened and looked up into the Vicar's agitated face with vague wonder and alarm.

"What is the matter?

"Did I fall?" she said, drawing herself a little from his light clasp and coloring vividly.

Mr. Bernhart placed her gently in a chair and brought her a glass of water.

"Yes, you fell, dear Mollie; but you are better now; you feel all right, don't you?" Margaret said anxiously.

"Yes, I'm all right;" and Mollie sat up in her chair and looked around at the two anxious faces with a faint smile.

"I don't think I can walk, though; I feel so shaky and queer."

"Try, just to let us see there are no bones broken," said the Vicar anxiously.

"I think I should know if that were the case," Mollie replied, rising rather feebly from her chair.

"No, I am all right; only I feel stupid and dazed."

"I have sent for the carriage, dear; it will be here directly," Margaret observed.

"Did Maud go?

"I hope she won't frighten mamma," Mollie said anxiously.

"Mr. Bernhart, would you mind walking on to meet the brougham? I am afraid mamma will be frightened, and indeed I am not hurt."

And the Vicar, a little reluctantly, went.

Mollie was very quiet and silent all the way home; though she roused herself when the carriage reached the Hall, and answered her mother's anxious inquiries with a reassuring smile.

She professed herself quite able to come down to dinner, and was inclined to rebel when Margaret insisted that she should remain on the couch and have her soup and fowl sent up to her in the drawing-room.

"Just as if there was anything the matter with me!

"I hate such a fuss!" she said. "I can go down very well."

"No you can't," Margaret returned decisively.

"I am sure you look very comfortable there.

"Don't be so ungrateful!"

Mollie raised herself from her recumbent position and threw her arm around Maggie's neck with sudden tears in her eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

PICTURES AT NIGHT.—At the recent Photographic Exhibition in London there was exhibited a new form of lamp for taking portraits at night. Everybody knows what a wonderful light can be obtained by burning a few inches of magnesium wire. In this lamp the same medium is employed, but instead of being consumed in the ordinary way, it is burnt in an atmosphere of pure oxygen. The light given is sufficiently intense to allow of a picture being taken in a fraction of a second.

PENCILS FOR PAINTING.—A Paris chemist has introduced a new form of pencil, which will prove useful to those engaged in painting on glass or china. Resembling the ordinary cedar pencil in outward appearance, the lead is represented by a colored mixture of a vitrifiable nature. By drawing upon roughened glass or upon unglazed porcelain with this crayon, the material can afterwards be exposed to the heat of a muffle or crucible, with the result that the lines of color are burnt in and rendered permanent.

INDESTRUCTIBLE INK.—On many occasions it is of importance to employ an ink indestructible by any process, that will not equally destroy the material on which it is applied. For black ink, twenty-five grains of copal, in powder, are to be dissolved in two hundred grains of oil of lavender, by the assistance of a gentle heat; and are then to be mixed with two and a half grains of lampblack, and a half grain of indigo. This ink is particularly useful in labeling phials, etc., containing chemical substances of a corrosive nature.

HOUSECLEANING HINTS.—In housecleaning every closet-drawer, and piece-bag must be ransacked, overlooked and cleared up. Carpets must be taken up and shaken, beds well beaten, and bedsteads washed in strong brine to destroy all insects, etc. Save the tea-leaves for a few days, then steep them in a tin pail or pan for half an hour, strain through a sieve, and use the tea to wash all varnished paint. It requires little rubbing or "elbow polish," as the tea acts as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from its impurities, and making the varnish shine again. It cleanses window-sashes and oil-cloths; indeed, any varnished surface is improved by its application. It washes window-panes and mirrors much better than soap and water, and is excellent for cleansing black walnut picture and looking-glass frames. It will not do to wash unvarnished paint with it. Whiting is unequalled for cleansing white paint. Take a small quantity on a piece of damp flannel, rub lightly over the surface, and the effect will be surprising. Wall-papers are readily cleansed by tying a soft cloth over a broom and sweeping down the walls carefully, then follow with lightly rubbing with stale bread.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—If anyone thinks he can realize a large profit from poultry without dividing them in such manner as to avoid crowding, he will make a mistake. They will do better in small families than in large flocks, and the few can be kept with greater profit even in a small yard than the more numerous, if the latter have the run of the whole farm.

GRAIN DRILL.—An Ohio man has invented a grain drill which sows the grain upon the surface of the prepared ground in a row six inches broad and covers it by shovels which throw the surface soil over it, leaving an open furrow between the rows of wheat. His drill tubes are one foot apart, so that half the land is occupied with grain and half with furrows between.

SHEEP.—Sheep-culture has many advantages over cattle-raising, as also over dairying. There is a necessity of sheep husbandry for meat production. The rapid increase of population, the scarcity and increasing price of beef, and the inferiority of pork in healthfulness and nutrition tend to the increase of mutton-eating. And it is not the results in the economy of meat and wool alone, we may add, but from an economical standpoint in feeding the soil, no factor in its wealth occupies a more prominent position than sheep. This has been tested, and will be found to be most valuable in its application to all the economies of farm establishment and development.

DRYING PLANTS.—To dry plants nicely in sand, you must take dishes of such a depth that the flowers, stems and leaves can be covered at least an inch and a half over the top with the sand. White scouring sand is the best, and that which has no salt in it should be selected. Place the flowers, stems downward, in a sandy layer, and pile up the sand about the stems, so that they will stand erect; then sprinkle it over lightly until each leaf and petal are firmly held in place. It is very essential that the branch should not lap over. Then place the pail or can on a shelf in a warm closet, and let it remain for two weeks; then examine it, and if the flowers are not entirely dry take off the upper part of the sand and add fresh, dry sand. The sand must be entirely free from moisture when used at first. This is a much better way to preserve flowers for winter bouquets than by pressing them, as it keeps the leaves and petals in shape, while it preserves the colors perfectly, and they will keep for years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 16, 1883.

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THE METHOD AND THE MAN.

Fairly-educated men are made by sending them to good schools, to college, and to such lines of life as admit of continued study. Of course there are men who, without these advantages, stand high in the ranks of scholarship; but they are not among the subjects of our paper.

Showy men are made by a little capital from nature, a judicious use of money, a careful study of society, and a due regard to tailors and kindred artists.

Rich men are made, sometimes by their fathers, sometimes by their fathers-in-law, sometimes by plodding industry and steady accumulation, and sometimes—though not often—by the indefinite thing, "good luck," or fortune.

Happy men are made by genial home-surroundings, modest aspirations, good wives, nice children, all working on a soil, more or or less deep, of natural good dispositions.

We are now thinking of strong men, who may, however, and often do, include in their make-up some of the best of the foregoing questions.

A good physique—or, in plain terms, a healthy body, is a good starting-point. Feeble, sickly, or remarkably ungainly frames put their possessors at a disadvantage, and entitle them to our sympathy. Obviously the boys who grow pale and sickly on cigarettes, are throwing away a part of their capital.

Of the foremost men of our cities and towns, a gooodly proportion have early breathed country air, and built up good bone and sinew. That the simple fare, habits, and pursuits of the country contribute to this result there can be no doubt. With a good constitution from nature in such environments one is likely to be able to make the most of any brain-power he possesses. This is highly valuable. The engine that is to drag the train without must be strong enough to bear the pressure of the steam within.

Good homes send forth strong men. And by these we mean homes where industry, prudence, economy and self-reliance are cultivated by the side, and, indeed, under the inspiration, of yet loftier virtues, not always understood at the time by the young. Where boys learn the value of even a little money; where they help themselves, instead of "ringing for the man;" where they need to exercise ingenuity; where the coveted book is obtained after waiting; where the chance to read it is had in the corners of time and saved from sport or won by hard labor—there the materials are found out of which are made strong men.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A GERMAN has invented a safe which, in addition to the customary walls and doors of steel, has an attachment that, on being touched, immediately flares an electric light on the scene, and at the same time uncovers a prepared plate on which the burglar's photograph is taken while an alarm is sounded.

—

ENGLAND, with a standing army of 180,000 men, and some of the veterans of Waterloo still surviving, has a pension roll of $12,000,000. France, with an enormous army and numerous wars, pays annual pensions to the amount of $10,000,000. While the United States, with a standing army of 25,000, needs over $160,000,000 to pay its pensions this year.

—

A MINNEAPOLIS woman, thinking she heard burglars prowling around the other night, armed herself with a revolver and butcher-knife, and went down stairs to await their entrance through the kitchen window. Cooly she stood listening, intending to shoot as soon as he got the fastenings sawed off. Instead of a man's hand coming through the hole, a little mouse slipped in, and the woman fainted.

—

INDIA is endeavoring to manufacture her own paper in future. Instead of sending the raw material here and to England, then receiving it back as paper, after paying freight both ways, there is beginning to be an effort of, no mean nature to save the price of carriage, and to spend the money now squandered abroad among her own natives. The latter, by the way, is a poor argument, and is just as destructive as the reverse. The best indication of this new effort is that India is endeavoring to live upon a higher scale of existence by diversifying her industries.

—

THE danger of toxicological search for blood with too hasty a conclusion has been instanced by a leading doctor. A man was arrested for murder. Some stains on the blouse were supposed to be human blood, but an examination revealed that the globules from their size were those of the blood of a rabbit. Certain stains on his shirt, which had appeared suspicious, had been proved to be derived from the dye of the clothing modified by the sweat and atmospheric moisture.

—

AN exchange says that in a list recently given of the children of twelve leading woman suffragists, it was shown that there was a large preponderance of daughters. Among the forty-three children thirty-two were girls. If this is anything more than an accidental coincidence, and if giving the ballot to woman is likely in some mysterious way to increase the proportion of female babies, there is danger that in a generation or two the lords of creation will find themselves largely outvoted by the other sex. Who will be the lords of creation then?

—

THERE is nothing should be taught sooner than that this is a working world. Mothers try to spare their daughters the necessity of labor much more than fathers do their sons. The boys are made to work for their fathers before the mothers think the girls can do more than trim their hats. Mothers take great pride in their daughters' soft hands and round cheeks, when their own hands have become hardened, and their own cheeks hollow. The danger of this is that the soft hands and smooth faces become the first thought of the daughters, and a selfish and idle life is the result. Daughters, however, should remember that they have but one mother, and should care for her and spare her. "No love like mother's love"—unselfish, thoughtful, unreasoning often for herself, but always taking thought for "the children." No heart is so naturally good as to escape the demoralizing effects of days without labor, that bring nights without weariness.

—

WHEN one considers the daily life of the poor as it used to be—say two centuries ago—one presently understands that they had no doctoring at all. Neither physician or surgeon went among them. When they fell ill they were nursed and physicked by women—the sage-femme was called in for fevers and all the ills that the flesh was heir to. She knew the power of herbs, and had them all tied up in her cupboard—sovereign remedies against everything. For cases of accident there were bone setters; but the physician with the full-bottomed wig and gold-headed cane did not penetrate the dark lanes and narrow courts where the people lived; there were not even any apothecaries among them to sell them a "poisoned poison;" and there were no surgeons carrying on the "general practice" of the present day. Very likely, in simple cases, the old woman's remedies were efficacious: but in case of children, who require, above all, attention to sanitary laws, and fresh air, the mortality must have been very great, while the sum of pain and misery and needless suffering from disease, from sheer ignorance of sanitary laws and right treatment, and the absence of proper appliances, must have been truly frightful.

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FROM an acorn, weighing only a few grains, a tree will grow for one hundred years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing many tons. If an ordinary twig is put in a large box of earth, and that earth is weighed when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit, there will be very nearly the same amount of earth. From careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is an ascertained fact that a very large part of the growth of a tree is derived from the sun, from the air, from the water, and a very little from the earth; and notably all vegetation becomes sickly unless it is freely exposed to sunshine. Wood and coal are but condensed sunshine, which contains three important elements equally essential to both vegetation and animal life—magnesia, lime and iron. It is the iron in the blood which gives it its sparkling red color and strength. It is the lime in the bones which gives them the durability necessary to bodily vigor, while the magnesia is important to all the tissues. Thus it is, that the more persons are out of doors the more healthy and vigorous they are, and the longer will they live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter, and in early forenoon in summer.

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WHERE does all the slang come from? Children deal in it largely; yet it is not born with children. But they learn to lisp it before knowing its meaning. Why parents should allow this is beyond comprehension. No parent lives who, if not educated and cultivated himself, does not desire and, in some degree, expect that his child will be some day. And yet how few are the parents who, by using slang themselves, do not constantly teach their children this most slovenly of all intellectual or verbal habits. Children learn nearly everything they know by imitation, and he has to be a most repulsive father who is not taken by his child for a model. How can a slangy mother expect any other result than slangy children—and how can they expect otherwise, when they are people of even moderate sense, than that this vice will have to be cured in school at great cost of time to the pupil and effort to the teacher, or else that the child will all his life be disfigured and belittled by it? Why, then, should any parents be so careless of their children's interest or their own pride as not to think of the harm they are doing them by using slang before them—or why, if they do think of it, so cruel as knowingly to teach them in the vice?

—

IN the absence of bright winter fires the sooty fireplaces are dismal objects, which every one would shut out of sight until the time for using them returns. Many persons have a summer-screen or blower fitted in the fireplace to remain during the season, cutting off much ventilation. The English have ornaments of waxed paper, like wrinkled ribbons, which are expensive and ugly; and country people fill the vacancy with asparagus-tops or something green and fresh—all very pretty for several days, but after that the work of refilling has to be considered. A simple, pretty and inexpensive device for filling the fireplace so that it need not be refreshed more than once during the season, is here given. After the last fire, clean well the three sides of the chimney-place by brushing and washing with cold water. To make them very smooth they must be rubbed well with sandpaper. At any hardware store purchase one quart of pulverized fire-clay. There are two kinds of clay—gray and yellowish-white, the latter being the better and more difficult to procure. Mix the clay with cold water, about to the consistency of whitewash, and with a common paint-brush paint the fireplace. When thoroughly dry give it another coat, which will make it quite fresh in appearance.

—

DESPITE the crabbed old adage to the contrary, there seems to be no good reason why girls should not whistle. If the mere act of whistling can help and cheer a man so much, why should it be denied to a woman? If whistling will drive away the blues and be company for a lonesome person, surely women have much more need of its services than their brothers, for to them come many more such occasions than to men. There are many who have not the gift of song. Why should they not whistle as they rock the cradle or perform their household duties, or accompany themselves on the piano? But there is a physical or hygienic advantage in whistling which should excuse it against all the canons of propriety or "good forms." It is often remarked that the average girl is so narrow-chested, and in that way compares so unfavorably with her brother. May this not be due in some measure to the habit of whistling which every boy acquires as soon as he arrives at the dignity of knickerbockers, and girls seldom do. Let anyone try for five minutes the inhaling an exhaling of the breath as it occurs in the act of whistling, and the effect on the lungs and chest cannot fail to be noticed. A daily practice of this kind would be of more benefit than all the patent inspirators and chest-expanders in the market.

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
Sat, where a river rolled away,
With calm, sad brows and raven hair
And one was pale, and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,
Bring forest blooms of name unknown,
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier of Love, the Child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep:
And lay his hands, in sign of rest,
His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue-birds, in the mists of spring,
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
The silken band that off around
His waggish eyes in mirth he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet.

And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye;
All these will haunt us, till the heart
Shall ache—and ache—and tears shall start.

The bow, the hand, shall fall to dust,
The shining arrows waste with rust,
But he whom now, from sight of men,
We hide in earth, shall live again.

Shall break these clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien and clearer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand
With those who wait at God's right hand.

Wedded to Art.

BY M. M. G.

AN old-fashioned farm-house, large and hospitable-lookin; ; lowing cattle and bleating sheep; undulating hills, clad in autumnal verdure; in front, across the winding country road, an orchard wealthy in russet and golden fruit; in the rear, a brook that goes prattling and gleaming past the capacious barn, from whose windows golden sheaves, and under whose eaves cling the bulky swallows nests.'

Such were the features of a pleasant rural scene to be enjoyed by the wayfarer along a certain road in the autumn time.

The door of the farm-house opens, and with a laugh and a bound, Lelia Carter, a maiden of about sixteen, comes racing out, with a shepherd dog leaping and bounding by her side.

Very charming indeed she looked, with her lovely face and sparkling eyes half hidden beneath the wide straw hat, as she ran gaily along the roadside or in the fields, now stopping to caress some half-grown lamb, now wild with excitement as a stray rabbit bounded from covert, and proceeded rapidly to leave out of sight the fat shepherd dog.

"Here, Sport, fetch it," she cries, as she tosses a stick far over a clump of thick undergrowth.

On the other side of the clump hidden from view, sat a young man, busily sketching.

The stick fell upon his easel, and striking his pencil, knocked it from his fingers.

"Hang it!" he growled.

"Who threw that?" looking up just as Lelia and the shepherd dog came racing into sight.

Lelia stopped short as she saw the stranger, but Sport, nothing abashed, ran on, picked up the stick, upset the easel in doing so, and with a quick bound escaping the full force of the kick aimed at him, came wagging back to his mistress.

"Haven't you anything better to do, miss, than running over the country spoiling a fellow's work?" queried the vexed stranger, as he picked up the easel and brushed off the rotten wood adhering to the canvas.

He was a handsome, dark-looking young fellow of about twenty-two, with features indicative of strength and manliness. As he glanced again at Lelia, and obtained a full view of her for the first time, his expression softened into one of admiration.

She was stooping over Sport tenderly, but fire was in her eyes as she turned them towards the young man.

"How dare you kick my dog?" she demanded.

He was about to speak more civilly than before, when a sudden idea entered his head, and he began again to sketch in a rapid manner.

"That's all he's good for, I dare say—to be kicked," he replied.

"You don't know anything about it," she said.

"Why, he's the best dog in the world, and you're a brute for kicking him!" she said again.

He sketched away as though his life depended on it.

"Oh, well," he said, "I didn't hurt him much, after all.

"He was too quick for me."

"You meant to, though, and it was just as mean as though you had."

"Well, you see, I was angry because he upset my work."

"I don't care," said Lelia; "he was only trying to please me; wasn't you, Sport?"

He looked at her again, then at the canvas, then added a few more strokes.

"Really, I don't see how he can be blamed for that."

And he glanced again admiringly at her.

Either the look or the words (she wasn't used to compliments), mortified her somewhat.

"Besides, I will make amends," he added.

"How would you like a picture of your dog Sport?"

She came forward, and saw not only Sport, but herself bending over him, with a mixture of tenderness and indignation in her expression that had been very cleverly portrayed.

He drew out his sketch-book in the meantime, and hastily sketching Sport on a leaf, tore it off, and handed it to her with a bow.

"Isn't it lovely!" she exclaimed. "How could you do it so soon?

"What are you going to do with this large picture?"

"I have some hopes of winning a prize next spring with it.

"Five minutes ago I felt like giving it up; now I feel rather confident of it.

"That was the reason I spoke to you as I did at first.

"I was afraid you would go away, so I made you angry."

"I was angry, and I called you a brute, too, didn't I?

"Well, I don't care; you had no right to kick poor Sport;" and she pouted prettily, whereat, he laughed, and humbly begged Sport's pardon.

"Isn't your name Miss Carter?" he inquired, abruptly.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you never hear of a fellow by the name of Ivan Kirke?"

"Why, yes, of course, I have.

"That is old Kirke's son, the one that was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and didn't want to be a farmer, and went away five or six years ago."

He bit his lips and smiled.

"I am that lazy, good-for nothing fellow," he said.

"I hope that I have improved since then, though I don't want to be a farmer even now."

"I didn't know.

"I am sorry.

"I didn't mean——"

"Oh, never mind.

"I dare say I was lazy and good-for nothing on a farm.

"I used to mope and dream when I should have been at work.

"They didn't understand me, and I don't blame them; I didn't understand myself.

"Your father was about the only one who sympathized with my fancies.

"By the way, I should like to see him, if he is home."

"He is at home.

"Come along, and Sport and I will show you the way."

Ivan Kirke was a born artist.

As a farmer's lad, living in the midst of nature's beauties, his love for them had been fostered, and developed into a passion that made him the vexation of his good old prosaic father.

It became certain that he would make the worst of bad farmers.

At the age of sixteen, therefore, owing greatly to Mr. Carter's advice, he had been sent away to school.

There he picked up the rudiments of art from a fellow-student, and in spare months applied them with such skill and originality as to gain the attention of a wealthy gentleman, who eventually became his patron.

It must be confessed that he was singularly fortunate.

Up to the present, little of the bitter hardships ordinarily attendant upon an artist's formative period had fallen to his lot.

With the advantage of a wealthy patron, passionate love of beauty, and intelligent skill he had made rapid advancement in his work.

He had made during that time two or three visits home; but, although but a mile distant from the Carter's farm, he had not seen Lelia before since she was a little freckle-faced urchin.

He was now at home for a month or more.

A prize had been offered to young artists, and he had resolved to compete.

It was for this purpose that he was at work upon the beautiful landscape scene in the neighborhood of Lelia's home when he was interrupted by her and her shepherd dog.

He was quick to appreciate her fresh and blooming beauty.

When she bent over Sport with her arms around his neck, and her indignant glance directed at him, he promptly saw what an addition the scene would be to his contemplated picture.

During the next few weeks Lelia saw much of the young painter.

She visited him daily at his work in the field, and watched the progress of the picture, in which she had nearly as great an interest as he himself, as her own pretty face formed an important feature.

A less innocent-minded girl, or one more acquainted with the world, might have objected to the publicity thereby given to her.

Lelia did not.

She felt proud of it, and grateful to the artist for the compliment.

After their first meeting, it did not take very long for them to become the best of friends.

Ivan told her much of his life in London, his successes and hopes, the men and women with whom he mingled, the methods and customs of society, and many other things which Lelia knew only as she knew of fairy-land—through books.

The more he saw of her, the more he admired her, and drew favorable comparisons between her and certain bedecked and powdered ball-room visions he has seen.

Owing to the difference in their ages, he felt little more hesitation in expressing his admiration than if she had been a child prattling on his knee.

True love runs most appallingly smooth and rapid till it becomes beyond control, whatever it does afterwards. So it was with Lelia.

She loved with her whole soul, and did not even suspect it.

Consequently, when Ivan, with his picture nearly completed, bade farewell, and returned to London, it was like a rude awakening, a cruel shock, that seemed to stun her at first.

Life became a weary waiting for what she dared not hope.

Her step lost its buoyancy and her cheek its roses.

She seemed to have gone at a step from girlhood to womanhood; and, instead of playing with Sport and other pets, she busied herself about household matters, or sat and dreamed about the past.

With the coming spring she regained much of her old spirit, and her laugh echoed among the hills again, not so loud and careless, perhaps, as formerly, but still merry and sparkling.

It was one afternoon in June, as wandering along the roadside she met Ivan's little brother Johnny.

"Ivan's coming home to-morrow," said Johnny.

"So soon?" said Lelia; and her heart began to flutter painfully.

"Yes; and he's been married, too," he said.

Lelia looked at the child in dumb, white astonishment.

"I heard 'ma telling Mr. Grove this morning," continued Johnny.

"She didn't say married; she said wedded; but it means the same, don't it?" he asked.

"Yes, dear, it means the same," Lelia answered.

As she turned with quivering lips and heaving bosom, and walked rapidly away, past the wild roses that seemed to look after her, grieved and surprised at her neglect—past the mild-eyed sheep that stared at her with a gentle reproach—past the blackbirds and skylarks singing in field and hedge—past all the bright things of nature, that now appeared but a dreary mockery, and fell upon a mossy bank with a deep, heart-breaking sob.

This, then, was the end—the end to her first pure love, and all the visions it had created!

Somehow Lelia never as much as questioned whether it could be a mistake whether little Johnny was a trustworthy messenger of such news.

What right had she to expect anything different.

Had she any claims on Ivan, or any assurance that he had not forgotten her entirely?

What more natural than for him to marry?

If Lelia, when she had turned from the road, had looked far ahead, she would have perceived just rounding the bend a form whose manly stride she would have recognized at a glance.

It was Ivan Kirke, and he quickened his pace as he caught a glimpse of her as she passed in among the trees.

Her eyes were still moist, but she had passed the first convulsive sobbing when she heard his step, and before she could flee he stood before her.

"Lelia," he said, as he came forward with a glad smile, "I thought I saw my little maiden turning in the wood. What! you must have been crying."

Lelia made one heroic effort for self-control.

Whatever might happen, Ivan should never know of hopeless love.

Gulping down the rising sob, and rapidly winking two or three times, she answered, "I haven't."

It was her first lie, and she went on to elaborate with astonishing readiness.

"I have been sneezing, oh, so hard! Just see, my feet are all wet;" and she pointed to two tiny shoes slightly damp.

"But I am very glad to see you, Ivan," she said.

"I thought you were not coming till to-morrow."

"I thought I would give you a little surprise.

"Have you heard the news?"

"Yes.

"Johnny just told me.

"I—I suppose you are too happy to live, aren't you?"

Her words were uttered pleasantly, but her hands were clinched till the marks of the nails were imprinted in her flesh.

"No, Lelia; the fact is, I don't feel nearly as happy as I had expected I should;" and he poked the grass musingly with his cane.

"Not happy!" and Lelia looked at him in amazement.

"Then you——"

"Then I don't deserve my good fortune. I know it.

"I'm as whimsical as a child. When I left here last autumn I could think of nothing else.

"I was a blind fool, and as the time passed and the momentous day drew nearer, I found that—that my happiness depended upon something entirely different."

Lelia's cheeks again became livid. Was his marriage a mistake?

With quick intuition she divined his meaning.

He had married another while loving her, and had already repented.

But what right had he to tell her of this affair?

What right had he to speak to her in that tender tone now?

"Lelia, my dear, I have come back to tell you that I love you; that I have loved you, though——"

With flashing eyes, she drew back the hand he had taken.

"That will do, sir. I will hear not one more word.

He looked at her in amazement, at her sudden anger and scorn.

He would have spoken further, but just then Johnny came racing through the woods, and flung himself upon Ivan's neck, with wild exclamations of delight.

"Oh, Ivan, did you bring your wife?" was his eager inquiry.

"Why, what do you mean, Johnny?" he asked.

"Oh, I know all about it; so does Lelia. You can't make fools of us—can he Lelia? I heard mamma telling about it yesterday."

A gleam shot into Ivan's eyes.

"What was it mother said, Johnny?" he asked.

"She told Mrs. Groves that now you'd won the prize you'd be more than ever wedded to Miss Somebody."

"And you told Lelia, did you?"

"Yes."

"Johnny, do you see that squirrel down there?

"Yes," Johnny answered.

"I'll give you twenty-five cents if you'll catch him."

As Johnny darted away Ivan turned to Lelia, and there was deep earnestness in his voice as he spoke.

"Did you believe it, Lelia?"

"Yes.

"I—I didn't know.

"Johnny said——"

"Never mind Johnny.

"'Wedded to his art' is one of mother's expressions in describing me.

"Oh, Lelia, art is beautiful and grand, but it is a poor thing to love. May I not have a better?"

Six months later, in the ivy-covered little country church, his question was answered to his entire satisfaction.

Hide and Seek.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

JUST a mile back from the sandy beach at White Crest stands the lordly mansion of Squire Inglesby.

Ten years have passed since he laid his wife to rest, and as she left him no children, life at the Inglesby mansion is exceptionally dull.

"What shall I do?" mused the squire, one balmy June morning, as he sat in his arm-chair.

"Things are getting terribly mixed up about here.

"There is not a servant in the house worthy of promotion, and as for sending to the city for a housekeeper, I will never do such a thing.

"There, I have it!" he exclaims, after a few moments' reflection.

"James shall bring the chaise round, and I will see if I cannot find a housekeeper among the humble folks at White Crest. There is Hathaway's daughter for instance. I believe she would just suit me. A trifle inexperienced, perhaps, but there is one thing about it, I know she is perfectly trustworthy."

The Hathaways live in a humble cot on the beach.

It has a neater appearance than is usually found in a fisherman's hut.

Alice is an only child.

Twenty-eight years have passed since she was born in the same little cot in which they now live, and she never had a beau in all her life.

Her hair is jetty black, and is combed smoothly back from her snowy white forehead.

She is tall and slender, which, combined with her fair complexion, gives her a rather delicate appearance.

She has never been further from home than the Inglesby mansion, where she has often gone to carry fish for her father, whose duty it is to keep the mansion supplied.

* * * * * *

One year has passed by since Alice was installed housekeeper at Inglesby, and she scarcely noted its flight.

She has been very happy in her quiet way.

Her simple gingham has given place to a pretty brown silk with snowy white cuffs and collar.

The squire appreciates her worth, and pays her accordingly, and she has thus been enabled to help her hard-working father, and the Hathaway cottage has a more comfortable appearance than ever before.

Alice sits sewing one afternoon in the housekeeper's room.

She is making a new lace cap for her mother.

"If you please, Miss Hathaway, the squire sent me to say he would like to see you a few moments.

"You will find him in the library," and and the tall form of James appeared at the door.

"Very well, James, I will go immediately," she says, as she rises, and, laying aside her sewing, she brushes her already smooth hair, gives her snowy apron a little shake to straighten its imaginary wrinkles, and proceeds at once to the library.

As she enters, the squire rises, and,

placing a chair for her, seats himself in another directly in front.

"You wish to see me?" she said.

"Yes, Miss Hathaway," he replied. "It's not exactly concerning household matters that I wish to see you this time, and yet I am not sure but that it relates more closely to household matters than anything we have talked about before.

"However, I may as well come to the point at once.

"You have been at Inglesby a year; during that time you have made things very pleasant for me.

"You make an excellent housekeeper, and I have every reason to believe you would make an excellent wife.

"It is very lonely sitting here through the long evenings, with no one to keep me company.

"Alice, will you be my wife?"

And after awhile, Alice, with fast-beating heart, answered—

"Yes."

He does not kiss her or embrace her; she is too timid for that; but simply presses her hand and she bids him a "good-night" and retires.

So, Alice Hathaway, the fisherman's daughter, is to marry the squire.

A new world has suddenly loomed up before her.

Her eyes shine with a new lustre, and great roses are blooming in her cheeks.

Mrs. Hathaway says the squire must wait a year for his wife, so he has nothing to do but patiently bide his time.

With the squire's morning post from London, a few weeks after his engagement with Alice, came a letter from some distant relatives of his dead wife.

It stated that Mabel Mortimer and her mother were traveling for the latter's health, and, if convenient, would like to stop at the mansion for a few weeks, to get the benefit of the sea-breeze.

Mabel Mortimer proves to be a blonde with golden ringlets and dreamy blue eyes; her voice is soft and cooing as a dove's.

Mrs. Mortimer, it seemed, was in the last stage of consumption.

The squire insisted on calling his family physician for her, but she would not hear of it.

"No," she said, "I cannot live but a few weeks at most.

"Let me die in peace.

"I have but one favor to ask of you, squire, and this is, that you see she has an hour's sunning every day.

"The dear child is killing herself waiting on me.

"She has been my only nurse now for many months, and the confinement is too much for her delicate constitution," and as she spoke, she laid one trembling hand on Mabel's head.

After that the squire took Mabel riding an hour every day, when he could persuade her to leave her mother's side.

One morning Mabel came to him with tears in her beautiful eyes, and with trembling lips told him she feared her mother's mind was failing.

"Why so, my dear child?" asked the squire in surprise.

"She grieves constantly over me," replied she, with choking voice.

"She dreads to leave me alone in the world without money or friends.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, what can I say to comfort you?"

She buried her face in her hands, and wept as though her heart would break.

The squire had been tempted many times before, but now he was mad.

He forgot Alice, manhood, honor, all, except that he loved this beautiful vision before him.

He reached out his hand and drew her to him.

One moment more, and he whose lips had not touched those of woman since his wife was laid away, found an exquisite delight in the presence of those coral ones lying upturned so near his own.

"Let me go and tell mamma," she whispered, after a while, and before he could remonstrate, she was gone.

The squire slept very little that night.

Never since the day he was born had such a sense of guilt oppressed him.

In the morning, looking more haggard than ever before in his life, he sought an interview with Alice.

As she came and stood before him, innocent and unsuspecting, it seemed as if he could not tell her of his wickedness.

He faltered for a moment, and then the thought of that little girl and her dying mother downstairs urged him on.

"Alice," he cried at last, "I am a guilty wretch.

"Heaven knows I tried to withstand the temptation, but her beauty and helplessness overwhelmed me.

"But, Alice, with all my guilt, I cannot marry one woman while my heart is another's.

"Will you release me from our betrothal?"

She stands looking at him for full five minutes, her hands clenched together, her lips tightly compressed, and then she answers—

"You are free," and leaves the room.

That night the Inglesby mansion was thrown into a state of excitement by the announcement that Mrs. Mortimer was dying.

The squire hastened to her room.

He found Mabel there kneeling by her bedside.

As the squire approached her bedside, Mrs. Mortimer turned her ghastly face to him, and with an appealing look, feebly said—

"Oh, sir, I had hoped to live to see my child safe in loving arms."

"Madam," said the squire, "do not let that trouble you an instant longer. I will provide for Mabel."

He despatched a servant for writing materials, and in a few moments drew up an article that gave Mabel the privilege to draw a magnificent yearly allowance from his London banker.

After he had duly signed it, he read it to the dying woman, who gave a sigh of relief as she listened.

"There," said he, "that provides for your daughter whether she marries me or not."

He then folded the document and handed it to Mabel.

"May Heaven bless you, sir," said Mrs. Mortimer.

And reaching out her hand for Mable, she laid it in his, and fell back, dead.

Mabel kept her room almost constantly the first week after her mother's death, and seemed almost inconsolable.

Mabel's breakfast was not served in her own room, and one morning as the servant entered the room with the tray, she was shocked to find it empty.

As she looked about the room, she noticed a note lying on Mabel's dressing-table.

It was addressed to the squire, and she hastened to deliver it.

It ran as follows—

"MY DEAR SQUIRE,—

"To-night I leave for London to meet my lover.

"I should have married you but for that little document that lies within my bosom.

"That makes me an heiress, and I shall marry the man I love.

"I have my saintly mother's face, and my father's treacherous Italian heart. Mother was innocent.

"The one good spot in my heart is my love for her.

"I thank you sincerely for your munificent bequest.

"Such generosity is seldom seen in one of your age and experience.

"Yours in haste,

"M. M."

* * * * * *

The squire has just recovered from a long and serious illness.

James has been to White Crest, and is telling him that a terrible epidemic has broken out among the people there.

Many have died, and many are at the point of death.

The squire hears for the first time of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway.

"And Alice, where is she?" he asks, with eager voice.

"She has been nursing them," said James, "until this morning, when she was taken with it herself.

"The doctor says she was the best nurse he had, but he fears he cannot save her, as her system is completely broken down.

"Besides, she is in that miserable hut of Peterson's."

When Alice awakes three weeks after from a long illness she looks up and sees the kindly face of Squire Inglesby bending over her.

He takes both her thin little hands in his, and she looks at him with a world of love in her eyes, and is content.

The squire's appearance has greatly changed in the few weeks of his bitter experience.

He is pale and very thin, and many grey hairs now mingle with the chestnut brown.

As soon as Alice Hathaway is sufficiently recovered, there is a quiet wedding at the mansion.

* * * * * *

Ask James what means that din of shouts and laughter that makes the old mansion ring, and he will tell you "it's only the squire playing 'hide and seek' with his children."

CORONERS IN CHINA.—One curious piece of superstition receives the sanction of the Board of Punishment in connection with suicide by hanging. Beneath the spot where the crime was committed, at the depth of three or more feet, below the surface of the soil, there will be found a deposit of charcoal, and by this test, should any doubt exist as to the scene of the suicide, the matter may be settled. The directions given in the case of deaths by drowning are voluminous, and, speaking generally, accurate. The habit of generalising from insufficient data, which is so common with Chinamen, occasionally leads them astray here as elsewhere. It has been reserved for them, for example, to discover the law that bodies take a longer time to float in Winter and the beginning of Spring than in the Summer and end of Autumn. That a drowned man floats on his face and a woman on her back is mentioned, and it is left to be implied that in case of bodies having been thrown into the water after death this does not hold good. With the same minuteness every possible circumstance connected with death by fire is gone into at length, the presence of traces of ashes in the mouth and nose being described as "a crucial test of death by burning."

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A Wise Choice.

BY FRANK Q. SMITH.

"CECILE!"

"Yes, papa."

She arose—a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, with a rare grace and sweetness in her manner, and approached her father.

Mr. Deswood pushed aside the heaps of papers on the desk before him, and turned to his daughter with a look of impatience.

"What brings young Walton here so often?" he queried abruptly.

The girl's fair face flushed like a sea-shell.

"I cannot tell exact—not now, papa—but I——"

"Humph, I shall make it my business to find out.

"See here, Cecile. I want no foolishness.

"Remember, you are my only child, and I depend upon your marrying a rich man.

"I am not as rich as I was, my dear child.

"Another year like the last will ruin me quite.

"Then I should like to know what will become of you, reared with luxurious tastes, and with no idea of the value of money.

"Heaven help you, for no one on earth could be of any service.

"The fact is, your only hope lies in a wealthy marriage."

"Papa!"

"It is quite true, and I am depending upon that hope.

"It rests with you to save your old father from actual penury."

"Don't papa!" she sobbed, throwing her white arms about his neck.

"I would do anything for you.

"I have no one else in the world, you know.

"But, papa, listen!

"I must tell you that I love Harry Walton.

"I cannot help it.

"He is so good, generous, and noble, and ——"

"As poor as a church mouse," sneered her father.

"Never mention such a thing to me again, Cecile.

"It is impossible.

"Why, the fellow is only a beggarly newspaper writer.

"Cecile, I am ashamed of you.

"And there is Mr. Arden, who would give his eyes to win you.

"He is worth a cool five millions, and is ——"

"Sixty years old," interpolated Cecile, indignantly, "and wears a wig, and takes snuff.

"Papa, there is no use talking.

"I can never—never marry old Mr. Arden.

"I would die first."

Cecile Deswood stopped short in sudden confusion.

The door of the room was open, and there upon the threshold stood a portly old gentleman—Mr. Arden himself.

Mr. Deswood sprang to his feet.

"Why, Arden," he cried, striving hard to conceal his embarrassment, "when did you arrive?"

"Your servant announced me," returned Mr. Arden grimly, "but you were so busily occupied that you did not hear.

"And how is Miss Cecile this evening?" he added, advancing to greet her.

Cecile laid her mite of a hand in his for a moment.

"You look troubled, little girl," said the old man kindly.

"You must keep your smiles and sunshine.

"Clouds are not for the young and carefree.

"May I see you after a little while, my dear Miss Cecile?" he added, in a lower tone.

Her cheeks flushed and then faded.

She grew faint and giddy, but with an effort she controlled herself.

"I may as well have it over," she said to herself.

"No matter what the consequences may be I shall tell him the truth."

Outwardly she was calm, as she answered quietly—

"Yes, sir, I will see you in the drawing-room when you are ready."

The old man's thin lips were compressed tightly.

He nodded his head grimly.

"Very well," he returned.

And then Cecile Deswood stole from the room.

It was nearly an hour later when Mr. Arden entered the drawing-room, to find the young girl standing at the window, pale and despairing, with her soft eyes full of tears.

He came to her side, and took one of the passive little hands in his own.

"Cecile," he began, in a very kind tone.

"I came here to-day to ask you to be my wife.

"I am old, you are young and fair. You can think it over.

"If you consent I will settle upon you a handsome fortune, and give your father a thousand a year for his private income as long as he may live.

"I have not a living relative in the whole world.

"If you marry me, little one, you shall have everything that your heart may desire—money, costly dresses, rich jewels (the Arden diamonds are among the finest in the country,) an elegant home.

"You can travel the world over, if you choose.

"And in return for all this, I only ask you to be my wife.

"I do not expect your love—if you can give me a little kindly affection, that is all I could hope for.

"Tell me, Cecile, will you—can you consent?"

She stood thinking for a time with downcast eyes; but never for a moment did her loyal heart waver in its love for Harry Walton.

He was good and noble, upright and honorable.

His only fault was—poverty.

He was ambitious and talented.

The uphill work of a daily newspaper—the toil and the drudgery of it were good discipline for him, and the day was coming when Harry Walton would be known as one of the first editors and publishers in the land.

But now, for lack of capital, he was fettered, and could only toil along and hope for a brighter future.

"Mr. Arden," the girl's soft voice answered at last, "I know it is a great honor that you would bestow upon a foolish girl like me.

"But—but—I cannot marry you.

"I love Harry Walton—we are betrothed.

"We are poor, but we can wait."

The old man's eyes were on her face, with a keen searching look.

As she finished speaking he turned away.

"Do not be angry, Mr. Arden," pleaded she, "because I have told you the simple truth."

Mr. Arden pressed her little hand to his lips, and, without another word, he was gone.

Cecile stood silent for a time; then she went upstairs to the library, where her father was sitting.

She told him all that had passed between herself and Mr. Arden; but to her unbounded astonishment, her father uttered no word of reproof.

The next evening, father and daughter sat alone in the drawing-room, when the door-bell rung.

A servant announced Mr. Arden and Mr. Walton, and the two gentlemen entered the room.

Mr. Arden bustled forward.

"I am a blunt old man," he began, at once, "and I wish to get the business upon which I have called settled without delay.

"Cecile, did you think for a moment that I was brute enough to wish to drag a lovely young girl like you into a loveless marriage with an old man?

"My dear, when I found how nobly you stood by your colors, and told me to my face that you loved Walton here—no, my child, you need not blush, there is no shame in pure and honest love—I made up my mind that all your troubles should be set right.

"I laid the plan before your father, and with his approbation went to work.

"Mr. Harry Walton is to-day the sole owner of a large publishing house, and you Cecile, are to be my heiress when I am called away from this earth.

"I see no reason why the wedding should be postponed.

"Long engagements are usually pieces of silly folly, and delays are very dangerous.

"When shall I dance at your wedding, Cecile?"

And the old man stooped and fondly kissed the girl's white brow, but she could not speak, so intense was her surprise and happiness!

The wedding took place not long after that.

Harry Walton is a flourishing publisher now, and doing a fine business; and old Mr. Arden died last week, leaving Cecile his sole heiress.

Cecile Deswood's choice was between love and gold, and she chose the better, truer part.

For riches often taketh wings and flieth away, but true love—which is far better—endures forever and ever.

SHOES.—A scientist who recently brought the subject of badly-made shoes before the Hygienic Congress at Geneva, made some statements of great importance. He stated that the examining surgeons in Switzerland are compelled every year to reject eight hundred recruits simply because their feet have been deformed, and rendered unfit for continued marching by the use of bad shoes. He pointed out that the human foot is naturally a yielding bow, which expands and contracts in the most elastic manner with every step. The shoemakers—in entire ignorance of the anatomy of the foot they are called upon to clothe—supply an article which gives rise to corns, which forces the toes all together, and which often positively leads to articular inflammation. "The test of a perfect pair of shoes is," said he, "that when placed together they should touch only at the toes and the heels; the soles should follow the sinuosities of the feet, and to give room for their expansion, should exceed them in length by from a half to three-quarters of an inch."

SILENCE is the severest criticism.

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Match-Making.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

PRETTY little Mrs. Dick Lawney was in the pouts.

She was alone, and there was certainly nothing to pout at in the beautiful little room where she sat, or in the lovely landscape seen through the open window; but yet little Mrs. Dick, was decidedly in the pouts.

There was a frown on the pretty white forehead, and the round red lips were pushed out in an unmistakably angry way—fortunately a becoming one; for it must be confessed that this little lady, from a long course of unlimited petting, was a little spoiled, and being quite unequal to the crosses and vexations of life, from which her husband could not always shield her, was rather given to pouting.

She was a dainty, doll-like creature, irresistibly pretty when she smiled, as she usually did; for though the world did not always go round to suit Effie Lawney, she was not obdurate in her resentment—the sunshine always came back presently.

It was a beautiful day, and company would be sure to come to Dale Park that afternoon.

Yes; Miss Elinor Paxton would arrive in half-an-hour, and Bob—that scamp of a Bob—hadn't come near to go down with the carriage.

Mrs. Dick actually stamped her slippered foot on the crimson roses of the carpet as she looked at the clock.

After all her trouble in getting her pet friend to come into the country at that season of the year, and assuring her that her handsome brother Bob (no other than the incomparable Lieutenant Robert St. Charles) would meet her at the station—to have Bob absent himself in this provoking way was actually unbearable.

Mrs. Dick rang the bell.

A boy appeared.

"Tip, hasn't Master Bob come yet?"

"No, 'm."

"You can tell uncle Christie to go down to the station with the carriage for Miss Paxton," despairingly.

"I'll never forgive Bob as long as I live!" said Mrs. Dick, going to her room to dress. "Elinor is so admired that only the most marked attentions from Bob would win her favor—nice as Bob is—and for him to act this way now! And what excuse I can ever make for him I don't know!"

Then she grew pensive, threading out the sunny fringe of silky locks about her forehead, and when the golden hair was knotted with the blue, and the lovely shoulders encased in a lace-frilled sacque of white opera-flannel, the charming apparition in the mirror was smiling, in spite of Mrs. Dick's last dreadful worries.

Miss Elinor Paxton was welcomed with a little scream of exultation.

"Oh, you dear delightful Nelly! Have you come at last? This is actually you—in the loveliest bonnet! Where did you get that charming dress made, Nelly? And, Oh, I want to show you mine—it's just perfect."

So the ladies disappeared in the direction of their rooms, where they chatted with delight until they came down dressed for dinner.

A graceful, brown-eyed girl of twenty, whose toilet was always perfect, Elinor was quietly charming at the first glance.

"And then everybody says Nelly improves so upon acquaintance!" said Mrs. Dick to her husband, in an aside, after dinner.

"Just so. Where's Bob?"

"That's just it. He's off somewhere, and it's too late for him to make a good impression. Nelly said—'Didn't your brother know I was coming?' And she looked at me—so, you know, I had to tell the truth, and now she never will like him!"

"Come, Effie!" called Elinor from the garden door.

Walking arm-in-arm down the paths, these young ladies must needs soon step aside to avoid a young man who dashed in at a side gate with such impetus as to make collision with him apprehensible—a handsome young man, with a perspiring brow and a great bouquet of roses in his hand.

"Effie!" he exclaimed coming to a halt.

"Well, sir?" returned Mrs. Dick, haughtily.

"I—I hope I have not inconvenienced you by my absence?"

"It is of no consequence," replied the little lady icily.

Then she turned to Elinor, who was trifling with a spray of leaves.

"Miss Paxton, allow me to introduce you to my brother Robert."

Elinor's sweet eyes glanced once at the handsome head of close-cropped curls which bent so low before her, and she wondered much why Effie was so short with her very tenny brother while she mechanically murmured the words of conventional greeting.

"Your flowers are fine," remarked Mrs. Dick instantly, breaking a pause. "May I ask who they are intended for, Robert?"

Certainly Lieutenant St. Charles was not in his sister's good graces when she called him Robert.

But he bravely executed a coup de main.

"For yourself, my dear Effie."

Mrs. Dick would not thaw as she received the fragrant burden.

"Perfect beauty! aren't they Elinor? Of course you have lost your dinner, Bob. The cook had orders to keep a dish or two hot. And when you have dined, come and join us in the parlor."

But the second look of Mrs. Dick was right. The golden opportunity had been lost. The lady's first impression had not been made. Robert was without his usual gallant bearing in Miss Paxton's presence, and Elinor was quietly civil.

Mrs. Dick was vexed beyond endurance.

What made Bob so stupid, and Nelly so indifferent?

It wasn't in the nature of things for a handsome young man and a beautiful girl to be never the least bit agreeable to each other for a whole week.

But it was all Bob's fault she declared to her husband, who laughed at the misfortunes of her match-making.

And at last Elinor's visit came to an end.

Mrs. Dick was too vexed with Bob to ask him to drive to the station with her guest.

She went herself; and, when she came back, she fell to reproaching her brother.

"I don't see why you couldn't like Nelly, Bob. I never knew a man before who didn't. You can't have very good taste."

Bob, smoking on the verandah, received her remarks with provoking calmness.

"You wouldn't have all masculine creation at sword's point about Miss Paxton, would you?" he said. "It is a wise disposition of Providence, I think, that tastes differ."

"But you might have cut out the others if you had tried, Bob; I know you might! But after your first neglect—Nelly was quite interested in you until then—she appeared to be perfectly indifferent. And—"

"I'm sure you didn't try to make her otherwise.

"I never saw you so stupid."

And Mrs. Dick retired from the scene of action, leaving her brother to the coming moonlight and his cigar.

Now, though Mrs. Dick quarrelled so seriously with her handsome brother, he was the apple of her eye, and all might have been forgiven, if not forgotten, if events had not subsequently transpired to break her heart anew.

Bob, immaculate in Sunday morning costume, a few days later, flirted from his breast a handkerchief of perfumed cambric, and a blue ribbon dropped to the floor.

The air with which he bent and restored it to its hiding-place would have revealed the truth had not the ribbon been so unmistakably feminine in character.

Mrs. Dick caught her breath.

Not only had Bob failed to fall in love with Elinor Paxton, but had actually fallen in love with another woman.

Though this was too much for Mrs. Dick to bear without demonstration, and though she said nothing to her brother, she related the whole story of Bob's vile behavior to her husband, who, however, only laughed at her, and she was forced to make a confidant of Elinor herself.

She wrote her the whole account of her hopes and plans; her secret wishes and bitter disappointments, and despatched the letter forthwith to Elinor's city residence.

But Elinor was apparently too busy at the beginning of the season to write a reply.

No response came.

But it was a great relief to Mrs. Dick to be sure that "Nelly knew and sympathized with her."

She bore her grief in silence, even when she became aware that Bob received the daintiest of letters every week.

If the little lady had not, with all her faults, been the soul of honor, she might have read them, for she actually saw them, tied with a satin ribbon, in the top draw of Bob's dressing-case.

Poor little Mrs. Dick! she actually lost flesh and color, this disappointment was so serious a one to her.

But in November Bob went to the city for a few weeks, and did not notice his sister's indisposition.

She was feeding the birds in the aviary one day, when a servant brought her a letter.

It was from Bob.

She tore it open.

It read—

"MY DEAR SISTER,—

"Shall I surprise you by the news of my marriage, which took place this morning? It was rather a sudden affair, and my wife and I will be a fortnight here before returning to Dale Park. Be ready with your most gushing welcome, for I, at least, am fairly lightheaded with happiness.

"Your affectionate brother,

"BOB."

Mrs. Dick turned snowy-white and nearly sank upon the grass.

"Married!

"Bob really married!"

Her excited feelings and sorrow of heart found relief in a burst of tumultuous weeping.

You would have pitied poor little Mrs. Dick, I am sure, had you seen the tears running between her slender fingers—seen her pretty bowed head and heaving bosom.

But when she had wept off the first excitement, the little lady did her best to behave in a dignified and suitable manner as Bob's sister and only living relative.

She wrote to him and if the letter did not gush, it was courteous and cordial as well as correct—considered in the light of a first epistle to a bride.

If Bob missed something from this epistle he spoke no word to his sister he yet kept up good courage in view of meeting her.

At last the bridal pair arrived.

The rich autumn had all faded; the fountains were shut off; the landscape was sad as Mrs. Dick's secret heart (as she believed) and I went down to the train to meet, for the first time, the new Mrs. St. Charles.

To think Bob's marriage to will be she had looked forward with happy anticipations all her life, should be like this.

The whirl of carriage wheels a hurrying of forms through the evening's mist, the opening of doors, haste and laughter (Bob's peculiar laugh of delight—how well she knew it,) and gentle arms clasped her; a lovely familiar face bent a fair cheek for a kiss of welcome.

"I the!"

"Nelly, Nelly? Oh, Bob! is this your wife?"

"My wife?

"It is, madam!" repeated Bob proudly, as he divested himself of his overcoat, and prepared to divest sweet Mrs. St. Charles of her wrapping with an unmistakable air of ownership.

"Why, Effie," catching sight of his sister's face, "didn't you know?"

"No; I thought it was some horrid—horrid——"

Mrs. Dick came very near fainting, but they bathed her forehead, slapped her hands, and coaxed her to laugh instead.

"The ribbon——" she began.

"Was Nelly's."

"The letters——"

"Were hers."

"And you——"

"I fell in love with her at first sight; but everything was so awkward, I made myself late going for the flowers which were for her, and——"

"And I never received your letter until a few days ago, Effie," put in Elinor.

"Instead of returning to town I went down to the seaside for a few weeks more.

"The weather was so fine, and Bob wrote to me there.

"I thought he had told you of our engagement, and wondered you didn't write after I got home——"

"Oh, never mind!" broke in Effie, incoherently. "I never was so happy in all my life!"

"Nor I!" exclaimed Bob.

"Nor I!" said Nelly softly.

CHINESE POISON.—The commonest poisons are said to be opium, arsenic, and certain noxious essences derived from herbs. But besides these other things are taken by suicides and given by murderers to cause death. In some of the southern provinces there exists a particular kind of silkworm, known as the Golden Silkworm, which is reared by miscreants to serve either purpose as occasion may require. Quicksilver which is also used with fatal effect, is either swallowed, or, like the "juice of cursed hebenon" which sent Hamlet's father to his account, is poured into the ear. The torture necessarily consequent on this last method of using it must be so excessive that it may safely be assumed that it finds favor only with murderers. Swallowing gold, on the other hand, seems to be the favorite way of seeking death with wealthy suicides. It has been held by some writers that the expression "swallowing gold" is but a mestaphorical phrase meaning "swallowing poison," just as when a notable culprit is ordered to strangle himself he is said to have had "a silken cord" sent to him. But the "Coroners' Manual" puts it beyond question that gold is actually swallowed, and it prescribes the remedies which should be adopted to effect a cure. Gold not being a poison, death is the result either of suffocation or laceration of the intestines. When suffocation is imminent, draughts of strained rice-water, we are told should be given to wash the gold downward, and when this object has been attained, the flesh of partridges, among other things, should be eaten by the patient to "soften the gold" and thus prevent its doing injury. Silver is also taken in the same way. But though wealthy Chinamen thus find a pleasure in seeking extinction by means of the precious metals, they have never gone the length of pounding diamonds to get rid of either themselves or their enemies after the manner of Indian potentates.

A SHOWER OF BIRDS:—The most remarkable phenomenon relating to Iowa storms occurred at Independence not long ago, when the people at night were awakened by loud peeping against the windows, which could not be accounted for until the next morning, when thousands of birds were found dead all over the city. It had been a literal shower of birds, and, strange also, nobody had ever seen such birds before. In size they were a trifle larger than a snow-bird and their color much like a quail. It is supposed they were drawn into a vortex way down South and rushed through the atmosphere those thousands of miles.

PROVERBS.—Many common proverbs, to which we have given a local habitation and a name, are in fact borrowed from other countries. "You carry coals to Newcastle," might seem to claim England for father, but the sentiment had existed for ages before John Bull himself was born. "You carry oil to a city of olives," is a Hebrew proverb that has been in use for three thousand years; and "You carry pepper to Hindostan," is an Eastern adage of perhaps as great antiquity.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best the market can afford. Passengers can leave or take the cars at the Grand Union Hotel depot at any other first-class hotel in the city.

New Publications.

"Lindsay's Luck," a charming love story, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, is just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, being re-printed from "Peterson's Magazine," for which it was originally written, and shows the qualities that have given the books of this authoress their great popularity—the characters in it being all wonderfully life-like, and admirably pictured. Price 25 cents.

"Loys, Lord Berresford," etc., is a collection of long and short stories by the author of Phyllis, Molly Bawn, etc.,etc. They are full of that charm of narration and character which has given this writer such well-deserved celebrity. For a summer book to pass an hour which might be wearisome over longer tales, this book will be found a most acceptable suitor. Paper back. Price 25 cents. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Lippincott & Co., have published in book from the story "Fairy Gold," which has been running as a serial for some time back in their Magazine. Even those who read it then will find an additional interest in it now as the continuous connection of the story, without the breaks of monthly instalments, give it an extra charm. It is a tale which is sure to please those fond of reading of the better class, and will prove more or less attractive to all. Paper covers. Price 10 cents.

MAGAZINES.

A better magazine for very little children than *Our Little Ones* and *The Nursery* is not published. It is brim full of just the kind of pictures and reading matter that is bound to please them. The Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

As usual *Vicks Illustrated Floral Monthly* is full of good things. The June numbers is replete from cover to cover, with information which all lovers of flowers will find of the greatest interest and value. James Vick, Publisher, Rochester, New York.

THAT AWFUL BOY!—He was naturally cruel, and he told an acquaintance one day that he had a new trick to play on the public—something entirely new. He had a long string and a brass key tied to the end of it, which he said was the instrument of torture.

Over the front sidewalk a large tree sent some pretty strong branches, making a seat hidden by leaves.

Into this, after dark, the boys climbed.

"Now wait," said that awful boy, "till the first victim comes, and don't make a noise."

Soon an ordinarily-dressed woman came along, and, just as she had passed, he let drop the key on the hard sidewalk, immediately pulling it up again.

Both now watched developments.

The woman came to a sudden stop, began fumbling in her pocket, and wondered what she could have dropped.

She started on, but had not gone far before she came back, impelled by curiosity, and began a careful search of the walk.

Meanwhile the boys in the tree had stuffed their fists in their mouths to keep from spoiling the game, and dared hardly look below for fear of laughing.

A sympathetic sister came along, and together they picked up stones, and turned over all the bits of wood and paper on the walk.

No, money, no key, nothing did they find, and so went home to their homes, perhaps to worry all night; or perhaps a giggle in the tree turned their looks of disappointment into a cheap smile, and a laugh from the same place made them have awful wicked thoughts about boys.

One victim found a piece of tin, and laying the cause of the noise to that, was saved a great deal of worry.

But when she picked it up, and threw it down several times to test the sound, the boys nearly fell out of the tree.

A man, when [illegible] would slap all of his pockets, and [illegible] around a little, but it was soon [illegible] that he was brought to a right down throughout search.

When anyone saw the trick, after searching half an hour, and saying all kinds of [illegible] for [illegible] out of the boys, he simply went away hurriedly.

To get out of sight as soon as possible seemed to be the most desirable.

That awful boy is still "going around town."

Be wary of him!

SHE WOULD NOT DRINK.—A little girl recently went to visit her grandfather in the country. She is fond of milk, but firmly refused to drink any while there, without giving any reason. When she returned she was asked: "You had nice milk there to drink, didn't you?" "I guess I didn't drink any of that milk," she indignantly replied. "Do you know where grandfather got it? I saw him squeeze it out of a cow now.

Given up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr Gaffney is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and was nothing but Hop Bitters, and only two bottles, as the doctor gave him up, and said he must die!

"Wonderful! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my dear George—I know it is as good.

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE CAMEL'S STORY.—[CONTINUED.]

I HAD listened attentively to every word.

"So this child belonged to our pacha, and that wicked man had stolen him for some base purpose.

The woman would save him from harm, but what could she do, with Hafir always at hand, to terrify and bully her into doing his will.

"If no one else would restore the child, perhaps the poor ill-used camel might be of some use.

"Who could tell?

"All night long I thought the matter over and tried to form some plan, but could think of none possible of execution, so I had to fall back on an animal's chief resource—watching and waiting.

"There was no fear of forgetting.

"I had received too many injuries from Hafir for that.

"As soon as the day broke we started on our way, I carrying Hafir's wife and the little child.

"On the second day we arrived on the borders of a great desert.

As we traveled through the town we passed the end of a broad street, at which Hafir glanced uneasily, whipping up the camels.

"'The pacha's palace is there,' I heard one of the slaves whisper, and I took especial note of the place, wondering at the same time how much the slave knew of his master's business.

"For many days we traveled through the scorching sand and burning sun of the desert.

"We had stopped to fill the leather bottles at the last village, and we camels had stored a sufficient quantity for many days.

"On the tenth day we expected to emerge from this sandy region, but, alas! the tenth day found us wandering in an unknown latitude.

"We had lost our track, and knew not which way to turn.

"To add to our other troubles, I saw approaching us one of those very fearful sand storms which I dare say you have read of.

"I think the other party were too overcome with their other troubles to notice it coming on.

"But I did, and I formed my plans then and there.

"I lagged behind the others, and could not be persuaded by all the urging of Hafir's wife to keep up.

"She, poor thing! thought that my strength was failing, and resigned herself to the thought that we must soon perish together.

"Hafir looked back after us with a grim smile, thinking the same thing, and urged his own camel forward with a cruel stick.

"By the time the sand began to rise round us the rest of the party appeared like spooks in the distance.

"I knelt down on the sand, and the woman, seeing what was about to happen, crouched down too, holding the child close to her.

"For some time the storm raged round us, clouds of sand filling the air and raining down pitilessly on our backs.

"At length it subsided, and though we were half suffocated, and greatly exhausted, yet none of us had, so far, perished.

"I rose to my feet as soon as the air was clear enough, and intimated that I wanted to move on.

"Hafir's wife looked anxiously ahead after the rest of the party, but no sign of any living creature was visible.

"It was all I could do to get the unhappy woman to mount, for she seemed to think she might as well lie there and die as attempt to overtake her companions; but as soon as the woman had dragged herself and the child on to my back, I started off with good heart to seek the nearest village to which Providence might lead us.

"It seemed as if some beneficent protector did indeed guide us, for before night I thought I could detect the presence of water, and pressed on with fresh vigor in the direction to which my keen scent seemed to lead me.

"As day dawned we had the happiness of finding ourselves in sight of one of those bright oases, which sometimes appear in the deserts of the East.

"The clear water, pretty cool at that early hour, was new life to us all, and having thoroughly refreshed ourselves, and filled our bottles, we started once more on our way.

"At the end of two more days we espied a distant village.

"In that sultry air the privation of food, which we had been without, was more easily borne than in a colder land.

"Still I greatly feared that the child might perish before we could reach food and shelter.

I [illegible] heard his sweet voice for many days, except in an occasional sigh or moan.

[illegible] borders of that sandy plain.

"Some kind natives befriended us, and having rested and refreshed ourselves, I was anxious to depart.

"'Whither should we go?' asked Hafir's wife.

"I only rubbed my nose against her hand, and knelt down to signify I wished her to mount.

"'Poor thing, he has served us well,' she said gently, and she and the child once more mounted.

"'Where are we going?' she asked, turning pale as we entered the broad streets where the pacha's palace was situated.

"We passed under a broad archway, leading into a paved court, where camels were standing, and slaves were running hither and thither.

"Presently a lady and gentleman entered from a doorway and prepared to mount for a journey.

"We were surrounded by slaves, who talked and gesticulated and tried to drive us back, but I stood my ground, until the eye of the gracious lady turned in our direction to see what the disturbance was.

"When her gaze fell upon the child, she trembled and turned white as death.

"Then she drew her husband towards us, and in a moment with a true motherly instinct recognized her child through all his ragged clothing, and seized him in her arms smothering his little face with kisses."

"And what became of you after that?" asked Eva, for here the camel stopped quite short in his story.

"Oh," he replied, "the woman told how I had brought them through the desert, and straight to the palace, and the pacha said I must have been one of his camels, which Hafir had stolen when a foal.

"So he took possession of me, greatly honoring me among his camels.

"At length my new master brought me with him to Europe, and presented me as a great gift to a friend, who sent me here."

"And Hafir's wife?" asked the insatiable Eva.

"I believe she confessed that her husband having a wicked grudge against the pacha, and finding the child one day when it had strayed from the side of its careless attendant, stole it away.

"I suppose the pacha was satisfied of her goodness, for she was taken in his household, and often brought the little fellow to give me a kindly word and pat.

"My great trouble in coming here was parting from the little child who had first shown me kindness.

"But when he bade me good-bye he said he would come to this great city and see me when he is grown up."

"Good-bye, dear camel," said Eva, when he had finished his story.

"I am so glad that dear little boy got safe back, and I do love you for your goodness to him.

"How very clever animals are!"

The elephant had said that he knew the wolf had a story for them; so he and the children left the camel and made their way to his den.

Eva was not quite sure that she should care to visit the wolf, for she could not be Little Red Riding Hood out of her head.

She did not say so, however, as she felt it would not be quite polite to the elephant.

Still it was with many misgivings that she entered the abode of the wolf.

THE WOLF'S STORY.

A LEAN, wild, hungry-looking creature glared with fierce eyes through the bars of its cage at the children, and curling up its lips, showed white fangs, grinning hideously.

Eva shank back, and covered her eyes with her hand.

"Oh, it is a wolf!" she cried.

"I am afraid of wolves.

"They eat children.

"I do not like them."

"And pray why not?" exclaimed the wolf.

"Don't you like lambs and [illegible] for dinner?"

"No, no, I don't," she said piteously.

"Perhaps not yourself.

"But you are pretty glad to eat them when somebody else has done it for you."

"And why should not wolves eat you, then?"

"Well," said the wolf's keeper, who stood near the cage, "you see there happens to be something about this in the Bible, where it is said that all the beasts and the birds were brought to Adam to name, and that he was given dominion over them.

"But nothing of the sort is stated about wolves.

"They are not given dominion over children, if you please."

"Well, at any rate, why you pretend not to like me, when you pet the spaniel, I don't know," sneered the wolf.

"We are all dogs together."

"You are not a dog!" cried Eva, indignantly.

"Because I'm superior," snarled he, "if I wasn't superior, I should be a dog.

"If you examined that spaniel and this wolf internally, you would find mighty little difference, I can tell you."

"I never will, you shocking creature," replied Eva.

"[illegible] shrinks and cowers [illegible] You a dog, indeed!"

"I'm superior," said the wolf, and he [illegible] his head, and held his bushy [illegible] bim.

"Why I am three feet seven inches from [illegible] the tip of my nose to the beginning of my tail.

"And I stand two feet five inches high in my stocking feet.

"My hair is [illegible] my hair rough and hard, and [illegible] my head large, and my eyes of a fiery green, and set slanting—slanting, I say—while every dog's eyes are set straight; and I'm always hungry!

"I'm very sorry, when that poor little cringing creature," making a snap through the bars at the spaniel, who retired in a great hurry, with a melancholy howl, "will be content with a saucerful of milk. I tell you, I am superior!"

"For all that we might you, my fine fellow," said the keeper.

"And I was uncommonly near catching you, my fine fellow, returned the wolf.

"Tell us about it, pray," cried Jeff, much interested.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAROLD'S ESCAPE.

BY PIPKIN.

"JUST listen, and I will tell you a little story," said Mrs. Seymour to us children one day.

"When I was a little girl," began mamma, as we clustered round her, "we lived at Philipstown—in those days little more than a fishing-village, but now one of the largest watering-places on the southern coast.

"Our dear father was the doctor, and had made his home many years before in an old-fashioned red-brick house, standing well back from the sea, and surrounded by a fair-sized garden.

"Here we were all born, and passed all the first years of our lives.

"Even now, if I shut my eyes, I can see the tamarisks and passion-flowers that grew near our windows, and in fancy can feel the salt spray blowing in my face—that dear salt spray which, when we tasted it on our lips, we children used to say 'was as good as something nice to eat.'

"There were a great many of us, strong, active, merry little creatures, and we led a simple out-door life, running somewhat wild, it must be confessed, and certainly not doing as many lessons as we ought to have done, but growing up full of life and energy.

"Since our dear mother's death we had been left very much to ourselves, with the [illegible] result that the girls of the [illegible] were nearly as wild as the boys, but, for all [illegible] creatures as we were, I am glad to remember that there was not one of us, from the eldest to the youngest, from bully Rupert down to baby Fred, who would not have scorned to tell a lie or to act a mean or deceitful part.

"The fact was, father trusted us implicitly, and this very trust made us the more particular never to do anything, even in our wildest frolics, which we knew would be against his sense of right.

"And thus we got along very well in a rough sort of way as long as we were left by ourselves.

"But one summer a cousin of ours, Harold Wilding by name, came to spend his holidays with us while his parents went abroad.

"He was the age of our second brother Charlie, but partly from his own natural disposition, and partly from always having been brought up in a town, was altogether different in character.

"At first we younger children, especially the girls, looked with much admiration at his black velvet clothes and patent leather boots, so different from the rough serge and village clumps in which we tore about.

"But when we found that the elegant schoolboy could neither swim, row, nor even fish, we turned back with a sigh of relief to our own manly, if less polished, brothers.

"I do not think that we should any of us have felt like this if Harold had honestly confessed that he understood nothing about these things, but had set himself willingly to learn.

"Our brothers were the most generous boys possible, and far too gentlemanly-like to laugh at any one for what was not their own fault; but when, day after day, they found all their endeavors to draw their cousin into their amusements coldly put on one side, it is not to be wondered at if between themselves they were often tempted to call him 'a milksop.'

"But it was only between themselves, you understand, for, indulgent as father invariably was, we all of us knew that to be rude to any guest whatever was just one of those few things which he never would overlook.

"Even Nellie and I grumbled every night at the girlish ways of our city cousin, but not until we were safe in the privacy of our own little bedroom did we dare to give vent [illegible]

"The [illegible] of our boyhood was the [illegible] less [illegible] expressed, and, [illegible] truth in this, [illegible] to his credit to say so, and appreciating [illegible] to [illegible], we were [illegible] our boat, which was a great favorite with us, as we generally [illegible] the water.

"Now if matters had stopped here I might [illegible] to [illegible] Harold began to develop that wrong sort of courage which prides itself [illegible] and in the garden was the overhanging edge of rock which father had put up [illegible] never [illegible]

"From the garden a [illegible] but it was well known to the rest [illegible] that the [illegible]

[illegible] set extra weight might project it over the cliff and into the sea, a fall of I dare not say how many feet.

"When our guest first arrived we were careful to explain the matter thoroughly to him, and then let it rest, never dreaming that father's wish would not be enough for him as it had always been for us.

"But by degrees a strange longing appeared to possess him to venture upon the rock just because it was forbidden.

"At last came an unfortunate day when Harold most decidedly must have got out of bed on the wrong side.

"From early morning to dinner-time everything that we said or did came amiss, and in the afternoon our troubles came to a climax.

"As we were playing in the garden our cousin began to taunt our boys with cowardice because they would not allow themselves to be drawn into disobeying father's command.

"Rupert and Charlie, making a great effort to keep their temper, tried in vain to explain that, as they had been put on their honor, they could not possibly break their word.

"Harold replied with taunting sneers, delighted to have found in them, as he pretended, some traces of that want of courage of which I very strongly suspect he knew full well that they had convicted him long ago.

"'So we are afraid of something after all!' he jeered, 'although we are such wonderful boaters, and fishers, and swimmers.

"'I'm not afraid, although you think me a coward!'

"And as he spoke he ran swiftly up the forbidden ledge, and, balancing himself in a triumphant attitude, mockingly inviting us all to join him.

"'Come down,' shouted Rupert. 'Don't be so foolish.

"'Come down, Harold, you'll be killed. For mercy's sake think of your dear mother!'

"But this last appeal, to Rupert the most sacred one he could think of, was all in vain, for almost before the words had left his lips the ledge gave way with a sudden crash, and Harold disappeared from our sight, falling, as of course we thought, headlong into the sea.

"For one terrible sickening half-second we looked at one another in silence; then Rupert tore up the cliff, and, throwing himself flat on his chest, gazed down into the depths below.

"'Thank goodness he has not fallen into the sea!' he cried.

"'Run, Charlie, to the boat-house, and bring the longest rope you can find, and the boat-hook, too, if it is there.'

"Charlie shot off like a stag; he knew full well what the loss of a few seconds might mean.

"'Girls, run to the house and see if father is in,' ordered Rupert, as he took off his coat and boots ready for his dangerous descent down the jagged and crumbling cliff.

"Of course we knew that he was right, but it seemed very hard.

"Harold had not won much respect or liking from us by his previous behavior, and now this last and crowning act of disobedience was, perhaps, to cost us our favorite brother's life.

"'Come, Nellie, quick, to the house,' whispered Bessie.

"'If father's in he'll tell us what's to be done, and perhaps stop Rupert from going down.'

"So we ran back to the house at once, and fortunately found father.

"A few hurried words told him what had happened, and the next moment he was running across the garden as fast as he could run, and mercifully succeeded in arriving on the spot at a moment when his assistance was most urgently needed.

"With the help of the other lads, Rupert had made his way cautiously down the face of the cliff, and had nearly reached Harold, who was hanging half conscious across a stumpy shrub, which had mercifully broken his fall and thus saved his life.

"In the meantime, we little girls, with the help of our old servant, were busy making everything as comfortable as possible in Harold's room; but when all was done we could bear the suspense no longer, and tremblingly made our way back to the garden.

"Just as we came in sight, father was hoisting Rupert (with Harold in his arms) over the last projection of the rock, and with a cry of thankfulness we bounded forward to see our dear brother and his helpless burden brought to us safely landed at our feet.

"'I'm all right, girls,' said Rupert, bravely, as we clung round him with tears of joy.

"'Leave me alone and see to Harold, poor little fellow.

"'I hope he hasn't got any bones broken.'

"Harold, still unconscious, was carried into the house and undressed, and then father, to [illegible] that he had [illegible] better, and was severely [illegible] about the [illegible], but [illegible] surprised.

"[illegible] being a delicate boy, the shock made him very ill for some time and during [illegible], which he bore, poor fellow, very patiently, we learned to pity and love him, and to forget the faults which had so irritated us before.

"And he, too, by his sufferings, learned a lesson which he never forget.

What are the desirable qualities in a whisker dye? It must be convenient to use, easy to apply, impossible to rub off, [illegible] and cheap. [illegible] Whiskers [illegible] these merits. Try it.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

Some poets write alone for fame,
  Some for wealth more than a name;
Some for the good which they may do
  The latter though, I think are few.
My present object, as you'll find
  Is to complain of all mankind,
Of what they do and what they say
  And perhaps, suggest a better way.

There's madam Gossip, by the way,
  Who tells you all her neighbors say:
She knows who's courting, who are wed,
  Who are sick and who are dead;
How much the town in wealth has lost,
  And what her neighbor's bonnet cost;
When all her vicious darts are hurled,
  She sighs: "This wicked, wicked world."

We christian people sing and pray,
  And daily walk the narrow way,
So pure we are we would not stretch
  A hand to save a falling wretch,
But pass him by, with conscious pride
  We draw our dainty robes aside,
And with our pious noses curled
  Exclaim: "This wicked, wicked world."

And now my muse goes idly straying,
  Both thought and verse the while delaying,
And I forget my favorite theme,
  Forget my pen and softly dream
Of things which are and ought to be
  Of what I've seen and still must see;
And now my pen to thought I twirl
  And sigh: "This is a wicked world."

And thus we live, and thus we die,
  Never content, I can't tell why;
'Tis our own fault, at least I take it
  This world is what we people make it;
And if we had it as we would,
  We'd re-arrange it if we could;
And if it were with diamonds purled
  'Twould still be wicked, wicked world.

ECCENTRIC EPITAPHS.

IT would be difficult to over-estimate the number of authors who have found an agreeable text for discussion in the stones of "God's Acre." And it would be very difficult to find an article in the wide range of graveyard literature that was not of an attractive—nay, of an entertaining character. For instance, who could resist such lines as these, which may be seen in a churchyard in the Isle of Wight:

To the memory of Miss Martha Grin,
She was so very pure within;
She cracked the shell of her earthly skin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.

At Windsor, upon the headstone of an aged resident, appears the startling verse: "Behold, I Come as a Thief!" At Richmond, Surrey, is an epitaph commemorating the virtues of a barrister very appropriately named Lawes, apparently an exceptional ornament of the litigious profession, since we are told he was "such a lover of peace that when a contention arose between Life and Death, he immediately yielded up the ghost to end the dispute." At the recent "restoration" of the Church of Birdbrook, Essex, which dates from the fourteenth century, there were revealed several decidedly interesting epitaphs, as follows:

"Martha Blewit, of Swan Inn, at Baythorne-end, in this parish, buried May 7th, 1631. She was the wife of nine husbands consecutively, but the ninth outlived her." The entry in the register is quaint. "Mary Blewit, ye wife of nine husband successively, buried eight of ym, but last of all ye woman dy'd allsoe, and was buried May 7th, 1631." In the margin is written, "This was her funerale sermon text."

The same tablet records that "Robert Hogan was the husband of seven wives successively."

There are few more touching epitaphs than that written above the grave of perhaps the most accomplished mathematician and profound thinker of the day: "Wm. Kingdon Clifford, born May 4, 1845; died March 3, 1879. 'I was not and was conceived; I lived and did a little work; I am not, and grieve not.'"

What could be more appalling than the vengeance which a Sussex squire took upon his rascally servant whom he had discovered in enough malversations and sheer thefts to warrant his dismissal. The man died. The master took on himself the task of erecting his tombstone and of composing his epitaph:

In memory of
John Smith
He was—

This singular inscription is still to be seen in Horsham churchyard. The author of it would lead persons to view it, and when they inquired, "What was he?" would tell them the story of his bailiff's delinquencies. This story has passed on from mouth to mouth and became far more impressive and more widely known than it would have been if recorded at length on the stone.

Among what might be called the "trade epitaphs," not the least fanciful is that in the churchyard at Alston. On a substantial red sandstone slab we read the following:

My cutting board to pieces split;
My size stick will no measure mete;
My rotten last's turned into holes;
My blunted knife cuts no more soles;
My hammer head's flown from the haft;
No more Saint Mondays with the craft;
My uppers, pieces, stumps, and rag,
And all my kit have got the bag.

This is not the whole inscription. There are four other lines referring to the lapstone, glasses, heels and pegs of the deceased, whose name does not appear at all.

In France formerly only nobles could place epitaphs on tombs without permission, and the clergyman of a parish in England to-day can require the removal of an epitaph which he deems improper. In fact, such a case arose some time ago, and the desirability of his having discretion in the matter was upheld by one of the Bishops of the House of Lords, who quoted a case in which the parson had interfered to have erased the lines:

Defrauded by the doctor,
Neglected by the nurse,
The brother took the money,
And made it all the worse.

Doctor, nurse and brother naturally all protested against this libelous legend.

Grains of Gold.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

A life spent nobly should be measured by a nobler line—deeds, not years.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

When we are studying and pursuing excellence, we are ensuring durability.

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.

God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done.

Look not mournfully into the past; it cannot come back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine.

People who do not care, do not say so. The soldier who is not afraid, never boasts that he fears no ball.

Nothing so adds to the treasures of the mind and increases its power as its thinking. Learn to think for yourself.

We often excuse our own want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.

It is not wealth nor high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both.

Great thoughts are always hopeful; they give a noble tone to the spirit, exalt the mind, and stimulate to worthy deeds.

It is rare when injustice or slights patiently borne do not leave the heart at the close filled with marvelous joy and peace.

Our sins, like our shadows, when our day is in its glory, scarce appear. Toward our evening they grow black and lengthen.

It is one of the most promising traits of human nature that heroic unselfishness always enkindles the enthusiasm of mankind.

A peaceful conscience, good thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for casual events are blessings without end or measure.

There is a chill air surrounding those who are down in the world, and people are glad to get away from them, as from a cold room.

We do not reach attainment in anything by a leap, but by slow stepping through days and years. If one refuses to thus make the effort he will fail.

When you find an unkind feeling towards another person rising in your heart, that is the time not to speak to a fellow being, but to talk to God in prayer.

It is weakness, not strength, that takes refuge in a storm of words, in noisy declamation, in violent threats or abuse, in loud boasts or fierce denunciations.

The opinions and criticisms of others deserve our respectful consideration. They come to us as part of the materials which go to make up our conduct and our life.

People who do great and heroic things are not people who neglect little duties and go about looking for adventures; they are people who are always steady in doing the duty that lies next them.

As the good of the world believe it to be growing better, so is it that those of wicked ways and easy virtue believe it was never so bad as now; all because of the difference in conditions and associations in life.

Appearances seldom ought to determine judgment. When the honor, probity, or reputation of someone is the matter in question, it ought not to be pronounced without a thorough investigation of the subject; and in that case, suspicions are never certainties.

Femininities.

Liberty is represented as a female, and yet a woman doesn't have half as much liberty as a man.

In Indiana women can be notaries public, but not attorneys at-law; in Massachusetts it is just the reverse.

A little sketch going the rounds of the press is headed, "A young woman with a history." Look out for her; she is a book agent.

A German who was lately married, says: "It vos easier for a needle to valk out of a camel's eye than vor a man to git der last vord mit a womans."

A bachelor of West Farms, Ind., eighty-two years old, celebrates his birthday by giving a $1,000 check to each of his 17 nephews and nieces to help them remember his age.

A lady says that Mrs. Charles Dickens once remarked to her: "I suppose the world needs a few geniuses to live in it, but it's a dreadful fate to have to live with one of them."

Mistress (to applicant for cook's position): "Why did you leave your last place?" Applicant—"You're very inquisitive, ma'am. I didn't ask you for what your last cook left you."

A philosopher has discovered that the rib from which woman was formed was taken from the right side of man. This may account for man's desire to keep on the right side of the gentler sex.

"Prisoner, why did you kill your wife?" "Because life with her had become unbearable." "You should have separated from her." "I had promised that I would never desert her while she lived."

"My son," said an American father, "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father, I'm not able to keep two women. If I married a Yankee girl I'd have to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

An agricultural friend asks "How to make a hot bed?" One easy way is to go home after midnight and try to get in bed with your plug hat on. The probabilities are your wife will make it hot enough for you.

Among the Berricors of France the traditional form of obtaining a wife by capture is still preserved. The bride's house is barricaded on the wedding day, and the bridegroom is only admitted after long parley.

No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultured she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself thus.

A Leadville woman recently stole four gold watches from as many persons during the dinner hour at a restaurant. The watches were recovered, and she was sent where it would cost her nothing for board for 30 days.

Strange, is it not, that a woman who would scream and run if a beetle or a spider were to lodge on her clothing, will adorn herself with heroic-sized and life-like imitations of the original, and rather court than shun the notoriety which such a false taste gives her.

A Brunswick lady recently called in a physician to prescribe for a sick cat. The animal died, and then an undertaker was summoned, and furnished a coffin at an expense of $12.50. The lady wound up by sending a cablegram to her husband announcing the cat's decease.

Some weeks ago a woman eloped from Portland, Me., with a young man. Her husband took it calmly, and did not try to find her. Monday last he received a letter from her, dated at Boston, Mass., in which she said: "So far God has kindly blessed us with health, but John has no regular work yet."

"Oh, my dear, noble, generous husband!" murmurs the fond wife, "how grand you are! I only wish I could be you for just one day." "Why, dearest?" asked the unsuspecting man. "Because, then I would buy a beautiful new bonnet for my loving little wife!" replies the designing creature.

In Washington City they are telling of a man who, going home one evening, found the house locked up. After great trouble he managed to gain entrance through the back window, and then discovered on the parlor table a note from his wife, reading: "I have gone out; you will find the key on the side of the step."

"An unfortunate wife was killed at Troy, N. Y., while cooking her husband's breakfast in a fearful manner," says a New York paper. There are a great many women all over this free land of ours who cook their husbands' breakfasts "in a fearful manner," but it is not often that justice overtakes them, as it seems to have done in this case.

A New Hampshire paper says that while a Rev. Mr. Stocking was on his wedding journey last summer he occupied one of the pulpits in that State. He was a very little man, and when he gave out his text, "She hath done what she could," the ladies of the congregation smilingly accepted his apology, in behalf of his wife, for not having paired herself better.

Fourteen years ago Charles Lewis, then of Lockport, N. Y., had the initials of his "best girl" engraved on two ten-cent pieces and manufactured into earrings. She, not liking them in that shape, broke off the hooks and spent the dimes. This week her brother received one of them in change, recognized the coin, and forwarded it to the owner, who is now Mrs Lewis.

Lord Torrington, one of her Majesty's lords in waiting, is now commonly known in the London clubs as "John Brown the Second," on the ground that at John Brown's funeral her Majesty, overcome with emotion, put her hand kindly on Lord Torrington's shoulder, and, to the unspeakable disgust of that peer, observed: "You are now my oldest personal attendant."

Royalty doesn't rule England as much as it once did. The Queen a while ago ordered spring lamb away from her table, but the farmers have complained so energetically that the old lady has felt it necessary to modify her order. But the Duchess of Westminster, wife of the richest of England's peers, persists in outlawing lamb from her numerous households; but then she isn't a queen, and is not so subject to the popular will.

News Notes.

Paris has about 1,000 fires a year.

Silk trousers are among the last developments of dudeing.

There are 18,000,000 Catholics in Spain, and 40,000 churches.

The average value of cut flowers sold in London is $6,000 daily.

It costs four cents a pound to send butter from Nebraska to New York.

Many Iowa houses now have a storm-cave connected with the cellar.

Recent observations show that some parts of Greenland are slowly sinking.

If a man faint, place him flat on his back, loosen his clothing, and let him alone.

The principal horse-car company in Boston has given up the use of the bell-punch.

In a recent speech the Prince of Wales said London now had about 5,000,000 inhabitants.

A steamer recently arrived in San Francisco with 1,000 cases of opium, the duty on which was $120,000.

The largest milk-pan on record, holding six hundred gallons, has just been made for an Iowa creamery.

A college secret society, the Delta Kappa, consisting of women, has been organized at Albion (Mich.) College.

Excessively tight trousers, pointed toes and pronounced cutaway coat are now declared vulgar, "dudish."

Lime water relieves ivy poison. In case of internal poisoning give strong solution of salt and mustard in warm water.

Fourteen tons of fireworks and 10,000 separate pieces were burned at the New York and Brooklyn Bridge opening.

Three billion cigars, not including stogies, cheroots and cigarettes, are manufactured annually in the United States.

Brigham Young's widow No. 19—Anne Eliza, the lecturess—was recently married to a very respectable lumber merchant of Manistee, Mich.

A German editor has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment in a fortress for having spoken disrespectfully of the Emperor in a theatre.

The number of persons killed by tornadoes in this country in 1881 was 187; in 1882, 338; and up to date this year the number is estimated at about 250.

The city of St. Louis possesses fifty-one resorts where the science of poker is carried on day and night, in spite of the law enacted to put a stop to gambling.

A New York young lady has taken means to settle all conjectures among her anxious friends, by sending out cards announcing that her engagement is off.

There are fourteen men in this country who claim to have invented the incandescent electric light before Edison did, but all of them lacked money to bring it out.

In the first three months of this year more than 1,000 horses were cut up as beef in Berlin, but no Berliner was permitted to buy a pound of American pork.

The total land area of the United States, not including Alaska, is 1,900,820,000 acres, and the total amount in farms, according to the late census, 536,081,235 acres.

A farmer's wife, in Iowa, being much troubled with "rats" stealing her pies and cakes, her husband set a steel trap for the offenders, and caught—the hired man.

They are a well-red people in Paris this season—everything is red; entire suits are made of red velvet, cloth, satin and silk, and to pile on the agony, the ribbons are red also.

It is said ladies whose feet, like the hand of Providence, cover everything, are bitterly opposed to the short walking dresses, which they declare to be growing shorter and shorter.

About forty indignant citizens nailed handles to a claim-jumper's residence, near Faulkton, Dakota, recently, and carried it to the Nixon River, where it was launched and started on a voyage down stream.

The keys of the Marysville, Cal., jail were locked up in the sheriff's safe the other day, and then the sheriff forgot the combination. It was several hours before access could be gained to the prison.

There are Indian girls in the Indian Territory University who are studying German, French, Latin and Greek, geology, moral philosophy, political economy, and other branches of the college course. These are the girls to help along Indian civilization.

A Morgan county, Ga., negro killed a large rattlesnake and gave it to a doctor. The doctor tied it behind his buggy and then drove home. He left the snake tied to the vehicle, and the next morning found the mate of the rattler lying beside it, having followed the trail ten miles.

At St. John, N. B., the other day, when six women acted as pall-bearers at a funeral, they were arrayed in black dresses, the monotony of which was relieved by white gloves and veils. They carried the coffin successfully in and out of the church, and lowered it into the grave.

Mrs. S. P. Sales, of Muskingum county, O., sues for a divorce on the novel ground that her husband, who conducts family worship three times a day, selects passages denouncing all manner of sins, and then applies them to her with bitterest denunciation, while the entire family is compelled to listen.

A New Haven justice decides that the cleaning of the family teeth cannot be demanded of a servant girl, and a citizen who refused to pay a servant girl her wages because she had broken his wife's false teeth while cleaning them, and had rubbed stove-blacking into the parlor-carpet, has lost his case.

THE GERMAN NOBILITY.

IN England they are so accustomed to see commoners suddenly elevated into the peerage, and peers intermarrying with untitled ladies, that there is a risk of forgetting how widely different is the way in which such matters are regulated in Germany.

There, counts and barons are so numerous that Prince Windischgratz considered that mankind should not be enumerated below the rank of Freiherren. But this very multiplicity of titled persons, whose sons and daughters are also title-bearers, not to speak of the legion of "vons" who have the "status of nobility," makes the sovereigns chary of increasing the overflowing ranks of "Adel."

A chemist like Liebig, a publiser like Tauchnitz, a tailor like Stulz, or a financier like Bleichroder, may be ennobled by their sovereigns, yet they never take their places among the older nobility, as a barber's son, a successful brewer, or a fortunate general does in England.

This is owing to the fact that on the disruption of the old empire there were more than three hundred princes absolute sovereigns on their own territories, and thousands of counts, barons, and free knights who exercised authority more uncontrolled than any European king now dares or cares to claim.

In some villages of "Hajduken" every person was noble, and in the Hartz a certain Baron Grote reigned over a single farm, the smallness of his kingdom being no bar to his highness' receiving Frederick the Great with a fraternal grace.

We have all heard of Pumpernickel and Humbourg-Schlippenschoppen. But no burlesque of the little German sovereignties of a century ago could exceed the ludicrous character of the originals as described by Strauts, Velse, and Von Schreckenstein, or in the more amusing pages of Baring-Gould.

For instance, the Sovereign Count of Limburg-Styrum-Wilhelmsdorf, in Franconia, maintained a standing army of a colonel, nine inferior officers, and two privates. He also published his Court Gazette, and instituted an order of knighthood in his tiny realm; and Karl, Count of Salm-Grumbach, kept open table, and was attended by lords and ladies in waiting, Hajduks and Moors; had a court band, a miniature Versailles, and a bodyguard of six men, with two snare-drummers, a bass-drummer, and a fifer.

But every one of these princes or their descendants jealously cherishes his pride of descent, and would not willingly permit any infringement of the understanding arrived at after the close of the Holy Roman Empire.

Since the surrender of the imperial crown by Francis II., there have been no fresh creations of the old order of Freiherren, and when courtships have been recorded, these honors have been merely steps in precedence for men already noble.

It is, therefore, very improbable that the institution of a new duke would be agreeable to the proud princes of Germany, who, as we have already said, only consented to the most famous of modern Germans being called Prince when the title was hedged around with many qualifications.

They might possibly permit him the rank of "Herzog zu"—Duke in—which is a very different matter from "Herzog von"—Duke of—though the French edition of the Almanach de Gothe does not take exact cognizance of the distinction when it makes each of the English princes and princesses, Dukes and Duchesses of Saxony. They are, like all the Ernestine princes and princesses, Dukes and Duchesses in Saxony, the possesive title, if it is the right of any one, belonging to the reigning sovereigns of the family.

However, even should the difficulties in the way of Prince Bismarck's elevation to a dukedom be unsurmountable, we do not see that it matters greatly.

The new rank might or might not admit of his sons marrying into sovereign families; but it would make himself not one whit more distinguished; for the name of Bismarck-Schoenhausen will live long after most of the German principalities have merged into the Kingdom of Prussia, and have been forgotten by the outer world.

HASTE often trips up its own heels.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.—Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

Facetiæ.

The prince of wails—A baby.

How to scrape an acquaintance—Turn barber.

The place to find a bear living—In a menagerie.

We often her the expression that "the fire has gone out," and on some of our large buildings you can actually see the fire escape.

Seven carloads of slacklime, three tons of old boots, twelve pecks of assafœtida, and two barrels of carbolic acid have been sent to Saratoga to tone up and flavor the various springs.

Everything seems to move in a circle. While, for instance, the lawyers are looking up the authorities, the authorities are looking up the criminal, and the criminal, in his turn, has to look up the lawyers.

"Where are your kids?" a society man asked, looking at the bare hands of a poor but deserving editor at Vanderbilt's party. "At home in bed," was the indignant reply: "do you suppose I would bring my children to a party like this?"

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
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Durham, In., March 2, 1882.

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Between Market and Chestnut Streets, and
DELAWARE AVE. & ARCH ST., PHILA.

Flower Seeds in large assortment, of best quality. Flower roots for Spring planting. Every thing of the best for farm, garden, or country seat. Send for catalogue. D. LANDRETH & SONS.

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Beautiful Chromo Pallets 5cts. each; 5½x7½ Oleographs, $1.15 per 100; 12 samples for 20cts; 10x14, Garfield Family, 10 cts. each. Six funniest cards out for two 3ct. stamps.
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Dyspepsia is the Mother of the Following Complaints

Sick Headache, Nausea, Vertigo, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Appetite, Wasting of Strength, Flatulence, with frequent Belching of Wind, Bilious Vomiting, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, Oppression After Eating, Depression of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Pit of the Stomach or Towards Right Side, Uneasiness of the Bowels, Irritability of Temper, Sallowness of Complexion, Etc., Etc.

THE BILL OF FARE is passed to the poor dyspeptic. He glances over it and recognizes several delightful dishes which he is very fond of, "but, owing to the deplorable condition of his stomach, he is obliged to exercise great caution or suffer the terrible consequences," hence the idea of a good meal is given up and he is obliged to resort to the same old tiresome dish of oat meal mush or toast and the old stand-by, stale bread, in order to sustain life. Now, what is life without perfect *digestion?* What a terrible wreck impaired digestion produces! How many people lead a wretched life for want of the proper remedy. Dyspeptics are continually brooding over some imaginary trouble, or become *low-spirited, dejected, hateful, disagreeable* to their family and friends. Dyspeptics as a rule do not live, but simply exist. Thousands have ended their miserable lives by committing some rash act. Now, in order to obtain perfect digestion, good health and happy disposition, go to your nearest druggist and obtain one package of ENGELMAN'S DYSPEPSIA POWDERS, which contains 10 days' treatment, costing you but 10 cents per day. Thousands have been cured with one package, so there is no excuse for suffering from Indigestion when directions are followed. If your druggist has none in stock, he can readily obtain a package for you (if obliging) through the wholesale druggists who are supplied by my agents, Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch street, Philadelphia. Should you have any difficulty in procuring them at home, enclose One Dollar to my address or to my agents and you will receive a package by the next mail. Postage stamps accepted.

The action of ENGELMAN'S DYSPEPSIA POWDERS, when taken into the system, is directly upon the *food* during the process of digestion, *absorbing gases, neutralizing acids* and correcting *acrid* secretions, thus improving the appetite, promoting digestion and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

Very Respectfully,

Frank E. Engelman

LABORATORY, 1839 SEYBERT STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH WHILE BREATHING.

Nature intended that you should breathe through your Nose. Keep your Nostrils, free of Foul Mucus, in order that your Lungs may be supplied with Pure Air.

A Nose clogged with Foul Mucus, Poisons every breath of air entering the Lungs. Cleanse the air passages with "SNUFFENE" and enjoy New Life.

"SNUFFENE" is put up in a handsome Carmine, Enameled Hinged-Lid, Metalic Box, (convenient for the pocket,) and retails at 25 Cents, which should induce every one to obtain it and enjoy the blessing of Good Health.

The filthy habit of Hemming, Hawking and Spitting, and the swallowing of Foul Mucus is cured by SNUFFENE

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"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Janesville, Ind., May 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

C. A. W.

Weir City, Kan., May 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

F. S.

Baldwin, Wis., May 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium?

F. H. T.

Philmont, S. C., May 22, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

A. A. B.

Macon, Mo., May 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

R. S. P.

Browning, Mo, May 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

M. E. A.

Martin, Tenn., May 22, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

A. N.

Sheldon, Ill., May 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

O. W. H.

Rock Bluff, Fla., May 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

S. W. J.

Cadaretta, Miss., May 21, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

I. P.

Greenville, Tex., May 20, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

R. C.

Glenwood, Iowa., May 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

B. S. B.

Taylor's Bridge, N. C., May 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

G. B. D.

Portsmouth, Va., May 24, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

G. H. A.

Malvern, Iowa., May 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

E. C.

Pleasantville, Ind., May 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

A. J. M.

Boston, Mass., May 25, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

L. C.

Corvallis, Ore., May 15, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

T. P. W.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

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ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

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Something that every man turns his back on—His bed.

The only kind of cakes children don't cry for—A cake of soap.

When are watches easily stolen? When they are off their guard.

There is one consoling thought in a late spring. It puts off the apple cotic season as long as possible.

A contemporary wants to know "what are our young men coming to?" Coming to see the girls, of course.

Why may a dressing-gown be described as the most lasting of a gentleman's wardrobe? Because he never wears it out.

Drill inspector to recently-joined recruit: "As you were: as you were, man!" Recruit—"Hanged if I know where I were!"

When a lady who has been taking music-lessons for the past eight years hangs back, blushes, and says she really cannot play, do not insist on it. The chances are that she cannot.

It is thought that ice will be high this summer. Last winter was so cold that the men engaged in cutting ice had to be furnished with mittens by the companies, and mittens are expensive.

"Yes," said a tramp, "folks may talk about charitable institutions. Nowadays, if a man goes to the workhouse and gets a supper and lodging, he's got to do something in the way of work to pay for it. I don't call that charity!"

An American and an Englishman were discussing the relative size of the Mississippi and the Thames. The American finished the argument thus: "Why, sir, there ain't enough water in the Thames to make a gurgle for the mouth of the Mississippi!"

A scientist says (the scientist is always saying something) that each adult person carries enough phosphorous in his body to make forty thousand matches. They who know how hard it is to make a match of two persons will begin to lose faith in scientists.

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Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

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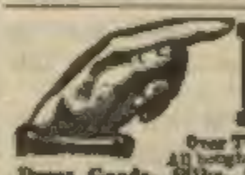

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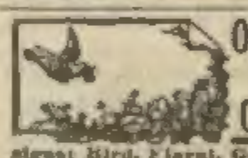

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DR. J. A. SHERMAN, of No. 251 Broadway, New York, specialist in the treatment of rupture for the past 40 years by a method of his own discovery, and with a success unparalleled, publishes a book, with supplement, containing copies of photographic likenesses of certain of his patients before and after their treatment and cure. These illustrations, together with the statements from the patients themselves, are published to demonstrate truthfully and satisfactorily the efficacy of his method. DR. SHERMAN'S book contains his portrait, is well bound, and mailed for 10 cents to those who wish to learn something of his treatment. This book of DR. SHERMAN'S is worthy the attention of any one afflicted with rupture, containing as it does reliable endorsements through a continuous period of more than 20 years from distinguished gentlemen, among whom we find the following: W. T. Leonard, M. D., formerly Professor of Anatomy in the Washington University, Baltimore, Md.; the Hon. J. W. Stell, Gonzales, Texas, State Senator; the Hon. C. A. Chase, ex-Mayor of Kansas City.; Dr. A. Pollard, Westport, N. Y.; the Hon. J. M. Ashmore, ex-Sheriff of Charleston, Ill.; Alderman Conrad, Philadelphia, Penn.; W. A. Hopkins, Ninth National Bank, N. Y.; the Rev. John Alden, Providence, R. I.; the Rev. Henry Jewell, Malden, Mass. These gentlemen stand too prominently before the public to make statements which cannot be implicitly relied upon. Having stated these facts regarding DR. SHERMAN in the pursuance of his practice, we now caution the public against an impostor who is defiantly imitating DR. SHERMAN'S life-long labor by altering the photographs of his patients, and adding other names, and generally counterfeiting the character of his book, and publishing the same in pamphlet form and sending it out as Dr. F. T. Smythe's book, with likenesses representing to be cases he has cured. This man Smythe is located in St. Louis, Mo., and calls his rooms Vienna Institute, of which he claims to be President, setting forth that it is the only institute of the kind in the country. We think it is well for the public there is but one; for better would it be if there were none. What a shame at this enlightened day that there lives a man with so much audacity as one who, through fraud and duplicity, preys upon those unfortunately afflicted, adding disgrace to the profession of which he claims to be a member! With the skill and deliberation of the counterfeiter of bank bills and coin, he has set sail in this rupture business, with his shameless hirelings, to personate these picture frauds, hoping to escape detection; but this man Smythe's over-zealous efforts to eclipse, by sham, what DR. SHERMAN has in reality accomplished, have left unmistakable traces of his merciless deception, which we, as a duty, expose. There are also other imposters, among them an ignorant German, in Arch St. He has taken extracts from my book and published the same on hand bills, to make people believe he possesses my experience and knowledge on Rupture. He now calls himself a Doctor, and guarantees the cure of Rupture, to victimize the unsuspecting. Beware of him.

Days of consultation at principal office,
NO. 251 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Saturdays, Mondays, and Tuesdays of each week.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

FOR light materials scarf draperies are still in vogue, especially for evening dresses made of plain and pompadour surahs.

These scarf draperies are almost universally becoming, and being easily arranged and economical, inasmuch as they take but little material, they are always popular. A pretty and youthful evening toilette is of the palest pink plain surah, and pompadour broche surah on a similar pale pink ground. The skirt is bordered with two narrow pleatings of plain surah, headed by flounces of lace in the new pinkish white tint that is so fashionable.

Two draperies cross the front of the dress, both edged with lace flounces, the lower one is of plain surah ending in a puffed drapery to match at the back, the upper one is of pompadour surah with a coquille drapery of the two materials at the back, falling over the plain puff.

The corsage is of pompadour surah, open at the neck, with elbow sleeves and points back and front.

The neck is half low at the back and finished off with a fichu composed of three rows of lace.

A very pretty dress, also made of plain and broche fabrics has a pleated skirt of plain sicilienne, the tunic and waistcoat are of satin merveilleux, the tunic bordered with guipure, and caught up in valance draperies with roses.

The open coat bodice with long pleated tails and elbow sleeves is of broche, with guipure turned back over the waistcoat, and guipure sabots on the sleeves.

The wide brimmed hat is trimmed with ribbon and roses. This dress is exceedingly pretty with the plain materials, and the ground of the broche in the pale yellow now worn, and Marshal Neil roses on the dress and hat.

Rich dresses of ottoman faille, broche and velvet are frequently made so that they can be worn at afternoon receptions, and for small dinner and evening parties; few toilettes are, indeed, more serviceable than these, and the rules as to their style are few and simple.

The pointed corsage is almost the only kind used for dinner dresses, whether rich or simple, varied by the trimming and the style of cutting the neck.

At least fifteen out of twenty have short points, so becoming to most figures, the long Valois point being less easy to wear, especially by stout ladies.

The basques are edged with lace, fringe, or a plain band, if the corsage be broche, broche if the corsage be plain.

On the whole, however, corsages are but little trimmed, and elaborate ornaments only suit extremely slim figures.

A charming dinner dress is of black satin and Chantilly lace, the skirt trimmed with alternate satin pleatings and lace flounces. The long pleated satin tablier has no trimming but the bows looping it at the sides, and the back drapery terminates in a long pleated untrimmed train.

The corsage is of black satin, pointed back and front, with added basques of two lace flounces, not following the outline, but placed straight on so that at the points the under flounce is quite hidden, showing more and more as the sides are hollowed out; the back drapery is caught up above these flounces, upon the back point of the corsage.

The plastron is very pretty, pleated and square above, the lower part hidden beneath four large bows, a long bow also fastening the neck.

The sleeves reach a little below the elbow, and are trimmed with satin mousquetaire cuffs ornamented with bows.

Trained evening dresses are those generally ornamented with embroidered tabliers, and some of the newest of these have applications of tan-colored coarse thread with incrusted gold ornaments like the old Florentine and Moorish arabesques.

The most magnificent kind of embroidery however, is that in gold and colors on light toned leather, in oriental designs of the most varied character.

This embroidery is either flat or open, and forms palms and borders which are appliqued on costumes of English cloth for double Indian cashmere.

A tablier with an application of this leather embroidery relieved with gold, is not unlike a stamped and gilded leather panel for the walls of a dining-room, but it is a very fashionable kind of ornamentation and easily avoided by those who have no admiration for it.

There is also a great deal of colored embroidery in the Louis XIII. and Louis XVI. styles in faint and rather faded colors on Hindoo voile, crepe muslin, batiste, etamine, surah and gauze, for tunics, collars, pelerines, waistcoats, tabliers, robings, and flounces.

Cloth or tweed wraps and redingotes, which succeeded the heavy winter mantles, are used for travelling and morning wear, and on showery days, although ladies have a large variety of transition mantles to choose from.

Many are of plaid cloth, in large or small patterns according to taste, although if required to last some time small chequers should be chosen, as they are less conspicuous and perhaps also less distingue, but liable on that very account to remain longer in fashion.

They are made also of plaid with broche designs or of fancy cloths, the skirts or basques long, edged frequently with bands of plain velvet, and fastened down the front with large antique silver buttons, embossed with heads of animals.

The back is pleated and secured by a belt starting from the side pieces, the front being the visite shape to the hips with pleated added basques; the visite sleeves are shaped to choice in front, they commence at the side piece and fall to the commencement of the pleated basques.

The same style can be made in plain cloth edged with velvet of the same shade, but it then loses its chief quality, that of not easily soiling.

The pretty and graceful scarf mantilla will be the favorite shape as soon as hot weather really begins, made in the same materials as the larger visites.

Chequers and plaids have more than a due share of popularity this season, for even cotton fabrics for summer dresses are made in a great variety of chequered patterns, large, medium, and small.

They so far have the advantage over plainer fabrics that they keep clean much longer.

Sateens are made, however, in plain dark colors, as well as in pale tints, the surface remarkably bright and glossy, and the colors in rich shades.

They are not very suitable for children, but charming little toilettes are made in the lighter tints, trimmed with lace.

The new shade of lace, a delicate creamy pink, is specially suited to trim pink sateen for young girls or children. For less dressy costumes chequered and plaid zephyrs will be worn.

Young girls over thirteen are still attired in long redingotes and pleated skirts of fine cloth for colder days, a scarf draping the upper part of the skirt, either beneath or above the redingote robings.

A redingote of blue cloth is edged all round with festoons of silk cord, and is fastened to the waist with brandenburghs.

The basques are pleated behind, and a slight drapery is caught upon the tournure; the skirt is pleated and a pleated scarf is draped upon the upper part, beneath the redingote.

A Girondin hat of straw, with a plume of paler blue feathers, is a very suitable chapeau to wear with the costume.

Next to the redingote the jacket corsage ranks in favor for young girls, over the same style of pleated skirt and scarf as that mentioned above, the ends of the scarf, however, forming the back drapery.

A pretty style for the jacket is a casaque open with coat revers over a waistcoat with long basques; such additions as crenelated basques trimmed with buttons or braid, or bias bands of plush or velvet, trimming the straight added basques depend upon individual taste.

Some corsages are without a waistcoat, simply fastening with numerous small gilt or silver buttons, the basques cut in tabs or plain, with two large deep pleats behind.

This is a favorite style for plaid zephyrs; the skirt and tunic or scarf only of plaid, the corsage generally of dark, plain batiste; dark sateen would however be very suitable, quite plain, and fastened with smoked or fish-eye pearl buttons, white frills relieving the dark corsage at the throat and wrists.

Fireside Chat.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

BROWN CRUMBS TO SERVE WITH GAME.—Put some crusts into the oven, and when brown crush them with a rolling pin. Grease a baking-tin lightly with butter, and make it hot. Shake the crumbs upon it, and set it in the oven till the crumbs are hot, when they are ready to serve.

Broken bread is as good for making sippets for soup as are slices taken from the loaf.

FRIED BREAD SERVED INSTEAD OF VEGETABLES.—Cut some bread which, though stale, is still light and soft, into fingers half an inch thick, dip them in milk, and let them drain for awhile. Brush them over with white of egg, dredge a little flour over them, and fry them in a little hot butter in a frying-pan. Pile them, pyramid fashion, in a hot dish, and serve with gravy.

STALE BREAD MADE INTO RUSKS FOR CHEESE.—Break the bread into small rough pieces, dip each one quickly in and out of cold milk, put them upon a perfectly clean baking-tin, and bake in a hot oven.

In a few minutes they will be crisp, when they must be taken out, allowed to go cold, and put away in a tin canister to be used when required.

To make a pudding of broken bread seems, somehow, the most natural way of using it; yet, as I hinted a little while ago, bread-pudding is not usually received with the enthusiasm to which it appears entitled by virtue of the economical motives of its makers.

I think the reason of this is that cooks appear to have so little idea of varying the form of this particular delicacy.

They learn to make one sort of bread-pudding, and then every time they discover a little stale bread on hand, they prepare this particular dish (perhaps not always quite successfully), until the members of the family learn to associate the name of bread-pudding with the practice of household virtue, and the sight of it makes them wish they had dined out.

This is a mistake. "The glory of art is to conceal art." There are very few people in the world who are economical from choice, though I hope and believe that there are a great many who are so from principle.

I cannot suppose that any one would prefer to use a broken crust when they might have a slice from a well-baked loaf for the more enjoyment of it.

Yet, if the broken crust is perfectly clean—has not been handled by dirty fingers, or thrown about, and is in good condition, it is as wholesome as the daintiest tartine.

And as it is there, in our bread-pan and on our conscience, let us make the most of it, and render it acceptable by means of that variety which Cowper tells us—

"Is the spice of life,
And gives it all its flavor."

There are a great many puddings into the composition of which broken bread may enter without the partakers thereof being painfully reminded of the original ingredients. I will mention a few of these.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—This very old-fashioned but delicious pudding is prepared as follows—

Get a plain tin mould, either oval or round, and about five inches deep. Cut some thin slices of stale bread into fingers and rounds, dip these into clarified butter, and line the mould completely, making one piece overlap another so that there are no holes through which the apple can escape.

Bake some apples in a greased dish, without water, till quite soft, beat to pulp, sweeten, and fill the mould.

Cover the pudding with a round of stale bread dipped in butter, lay a plate on the top, and bake in a good oven until the bread is brightly brown.

Turn on a hot dish and serve hot with milk. Other fruits may be used instead of apples for a pudding of this description, but it must be remembered that the pulp must be stiff not watery. Juicy fruit will make an excellent hydropathic pudding.

A sort of rough and ready variety of apple charlotte is brown belly, sometimes called Swiss pudding.

Butter a pie-dish thickly, and fill it with alternate layers of bread-crumbs and good baking apples which have been pared, cored, and sliced thickly.

Sprinkle sugar and a little grated lemon-rind over each layer of apples, and put pieces of butter here and there on the fruit. Let crumbs form the uppermost layer, and when the dish is full lay on a cover of thin slices of bread buttered. Pour half a cupful of water over all and bake gently till the apples fall. Serve with milk.

Hydropathic pudding may be made with any kind of juicy fruit. Pick the fruit and stew it with a little water and sugar till the juice flows freely.

Take an ordinary pudding basin, put a round of stale bread about the size of half-a-crown at the bottom, and place fingers all round it in an upright position, leaving about an inch between each finger.

Fill the bowl with the hot stewed fruit, and put this in gently by spoonfuls so as not to displace the bread.

The solid portion of the fruit should be put in first, in order that its weight may keep the fingers in position, afterwards the juice may be added.

Cover the top of the pudding entirely with stale bread cut into dice, lay a small plate on and press this closely down with a weight, until the juice flows over the plate. Leave the fruit until quite cold, turn upon a glass dish and serve with or without milk, custard, or cream.

Any kind of fruit may be used, but red fruits have the best appearance. This pudding is inexpensive, delicious, easily made, and by no means common.

THE JACKKNIFE OF A GENIUS.—A celebrated old manuscript waxes enthusiastic on "The German Masterpiece," to quote verbatim, "being that famous knife, which hath been for some time in England and highly applauded by the most exquisite artists; containing in the handle sixty odd figures, some engraved, others carved, and all in the admiration of those that behold them. It hath two keys, which open seven locks, including those various Rarities contained therein; it was seven years a-making, and valued by the author, the famous artist of Germany, at Fifteen Hundred Pounds, and is now exposed to public view for England's satisfaction. To be seen at Bartholomew Fair, against the King's Head."

Correspondence.

B. W. O., (Lebanon, Pa.)—You did perfectly right in the matter, and deserve the praise of all your friends.

MAMIE N., (Philadelphia, Pa.) — The young man undoubtedly loves you, and it was very wrong on your part to make fun of his big feet.

MARY, (Freeborn, Minn.)—No. 1. Count three crotchets, or six quavers in a bar. No. 2. Count four crotchets, or eight quavers. No. 3. Count the same as No. 1.

FLORA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Wash your hands every day in very hot water. That will stop the perspiration and make them white at the same time. To keep them white wear gloves as often as you can.

L. F. W., (Montcalm, Mich.)—He seems to be an undesirable acquaintance. Let him see, from your manner towards him, that you are independent of his attentions, and probably he may explain his strange behavior. If he does not, have nothing more to say to him.

OLIVIETTE, (Kensington, Pa.)—Tell your mother all about it, and ask her leave to bring your sweetheart to the house. If he is a young man suited to your age and station, your mother will no doubt give her consent when she knows how matters stand. She is a woman like yourself, and you can trust to her having a woman's heart. But, remember, keep nothing back.

G. K. S., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—A difference in disposition is not an obstacle to happiness in married life; a husband and wife may be the complement of each other, each possessing the qualities the other lacks. As you frankly confess to the vice of indolence, it is very likely that anything would weary you at times, and perhaps marriage with an energetic, capable girl is the one thing that can save you and make you worth something.

D. C. S., (Worcester, Mass.)—In tropical countries cases have been known of the midnight moon at its full having as fatal an effect on those exposed to it as ever mid-summer sun at noon-day has had in our climate. It is especially hurtful to those upon the water. Sailors who have fallen asleep in the full flood of moonlight have awakened delirious, and so died. Lunatics are said to be worse at the full of the moon, and surely anyone can see that lovers are.

COUNTRY, (Portage, O.)—Such questions must be decided according to local custom and usage. The humane Jewish law forbids a man to drive away the gleaners from his fields, and on the same principle, where trees, bushes, and wild fruits on unoccupied land have no market value, a man would be very churlish in objecting to his neighbors helping themselves. If the practice becomes a nuisance, a sign warning all persons to abstain from cutting any trees or bushes on the land will usually prove a sufficient protection.

READER, (Bradley, Ark.)—The progress of rabies in the dog is very rapid; the animal dies in three or four days from the commencement of the disease, and very seldom lives over ten, so that if a dog lived a month after inflicting a bite, it was certainly not rabid at the time it bit. If a dog inflicts a bite, even in play, it should be closely watched, and if it shows any suspicious symptoms the wound should be cauterized with nitrate of silver. The dog should be carefully shut up, but not killed, until it is known whether it has rabies or not.

AMMA, (Montgomery Co., Pa.) — The most natural and facile method to procure sleep is to place the head in a comfortable position, and then taking a full inspiration, breathe as much as possible through the nostrils. The attention must now be fixed upon the fact of breathing. The patient must imagine that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils: and the very moment he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, and—he sleeps. The method is strange, but simple, and the experiment will prove its truth.

MOTHER, (Morgan, Va.)—So far from forbidding children to play, they should be encouraged in their sports, since love of play is a most important means of education. Anything that makes them run to and fro, chasing and being chased, is intensely amusing in themselves, and so it develops their muscular power, alertness, quickness of eye, skill in the balancing, in turning round and round, watchfulness, patience and many other faculties. It is a great mistake to make children sit still long, except sometimes that they may learn to sit still. It is, no doubt, inconvenient to their elders, this perpetual praying activity, this insatiable curiosity, the asking of innumerable questions; but if they do not do all this, how shall they learn? They have been made so for good reasons. The child does not need much for his amusement; expensive toys are usually wasted on him. Give him a bit of string to tie knots in: something to roll, to push, to set up and take down, to take apart and put together: a heap of sand, a bunch of sticks, a paper to tear or to cut, water to sail his boat, sand to dig, and he is fully satisfied. How suggestive is the story of the young prince, for whom a box of costly playthings had been brought from Paris, who soon grew tired of them, and going to the window, said, "Mamma, may I go out and play in that beautiful mud?"

MARIE (Marshall, Kansas.) — No, the Greeks did not admire small hands. Proportion and fitness were to them ruling principles, outside of which they found no beauty. Hands are no more beautiful for being small than eyes for being big: but many a modern girl would ask her fairy godmother, if she had one, to give her eyes as big as saucers and hands as small as those of a doll, believing that the first cannot be too large nor the last too small. Tiny feet and hands are terms constantly used by poets and novelists in a most misleading manner. It cannot be possible that they are intended by the writers to express anything but general delicacy and refinement: but a notion is encouraged that results in the destruction of one of the most beautiful of natural objects—the human foot. This unfortunate notion, that the beauty of the foot depends upon its smallness, leads to the crippling of it, till it becomes, in many cases, a bunch of crippled deformity. It is a most reprehensible practice, alike revolting to good taste and good sense, to put the foot of a growing girl into a shoe that is not only too short, crumpling the toes into a bunch, but, being pointed, turns the great toe inward, producing deformity of general shape, and, in the course of time, inevitable bunions, the only wonder being that steadiness in standing or any grace of movement at all is left to these victims of ignorance.